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## THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO — BOURNEMOUTH.

*Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes!*

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE: "CHINESE PORK" AND TWO JAPANESE GIRLS IN THE BOURNEMOUTH CARNIVAL.

At Bournemouth on Friday was held the second carnival on the programme of the Centenary Fêtes. Never before these celebrations has a carnival on Continental lines been seen in this country. It was arranged by M. Spagnol, of Nice, who had come over specially for that purpose, and the costumes and grotesque figures were of the most varied and elaborate character. Now that Bournemouth has set this festive example of the lighter sort of pageantry, it is likely to become a popular form of entertainment at British pleasure resorts.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



LIKE A HISTORICAL BATTLE PICTURE: HIS MAJESTY WATCHING STAFF MANOEUVRES AT ALDERSHOT.

The King and Queen returned to town on Saturday after their week at Aldershot, where they studied the work of the troops under General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien. His Majesty has expressed his great satisfaction with all that he saw, commenting especially on the fine physical condition of the men and the general spirit of keenness.—[Photo: Sport and General.]



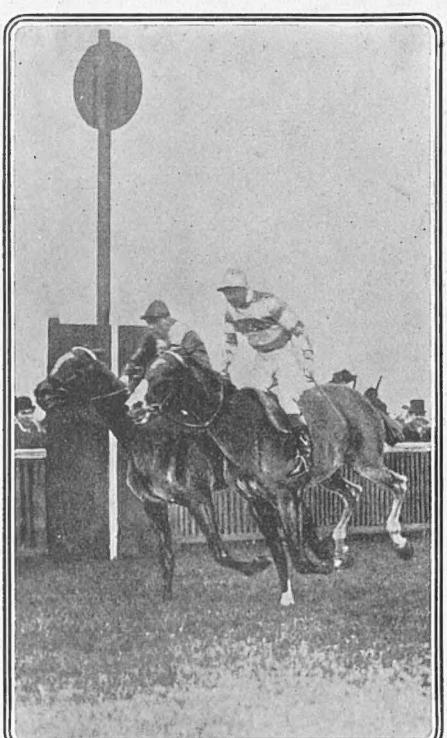
PAGEANTRY AT CHESTER: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR AS THE COUNTESS ERMENTRUE. Lady Arthur Grosvenor appears as Ermentrude, Countess of Chester in A.D. 1093, and wife of Hugh Lupus. The Episode represents his gift to the city of the Abbey of St. Werburgh.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



AN ARISTOCRATIC FLOWER-SELLER: LADY ANGELA FORBES, WHO HAS OPENED A FLORIST'S SHOP. Keeping shop is becoming ever more popular among the aristocracy. Lady Angela Forbes, who is a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, has just opened a florist's shop in George Street, Portman Square.—[Photograph by Lallie Chavas.]



IN FLOWING ROBES: MISS RUTH CHARRINGTON AS DEE, IN THE CHESTER PAGEANT. Just as in "Pyramus and Thisbe," one of the players took the part of the wall, so in the Chester Pageant, the River Dee was represented by Miss Ruth Charrington and attendant nymphs.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE RIVALS: THE DEAD-HEAT BETWEEN NEIL GOW AND LEMBERG IN THE ECLIPSE STAKES. The rivalry between Mr. "Fairie's" Lemberg, winner of the Derby (left), and Lord Rosebery's Neil Gow, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas (right), reached a dramatic point at Sandown on Friday, when they ran a dead-heat in the Eclipse Stakes.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



AN INSCRIPTION FALSIFIED BY FATE: THE MEDAL NEVER PRESENTED TO MR. ROLLS. The tragic death of Mr. Rolls falsified the inscription on this medal, which the Aerial League of the British Empire had struck in honour of his great Channel flight, for his fatal accident occurred before it could be presented to him.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



IN THE WINGS BEFORE RISING TO THE FLIES: MR. ROBERT LORAIN AS AN AIRMAN. Mr. Robert Loraine, the well-known actor, flew at Bournemouth as "Mr. Jones." On Saturday, he made a sensational overseas flight. Nothing was heard of him for an hour and a half, when news came that he had landed on the Isle of Wight.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

## THE MYSTERY OF NO. 39—

HILDROP CRESCENT: WHERE THE CRIPPEN TRAGEDY TOOK PLACE.



1. THE AMERICAN "DOCTOR" WHO HAS DISAPPEARED: HAWLEY HARVEY CRIPPEN, alias PETER CRIPPEN, alias FRANCKEL.
2. DR. CRIPPEN'S TYPIST, WHO HAS ALSO DISAPPEARED: ETHEL CLARA LE NEVE (OR NEAVE), alias MRS. CRIPPEN.
3. THE SINGER WHOSE BODY IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND BENEATH A CELLAR AT 39, HILDROP CRESCENT: THE LATE MRS. CRIPPEN, KNOWN ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE AS BELLE ELMORE.
4. THE HOUSE WHERE THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED: THE BACK OF NO. 39, HILDROP CRESCENT.
5. ANOTHER PORTAIT OF DR. CRIPPEN'S LATE WIFE: MISS BELLE ELMORE IN SPANISH DRESS.

It is long since any crime has aroused such widespread interest as the mysterious murder at 39, Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town. There, it will be remembered, the police last week unearthed in a cellar the dismembered body of a woman, pronounced to be that of the wife of the occupier of the house, H. H. Crippen, an American "doctor." Shortly before the discovery, he had disappeared with his typist, Miss Ethel Le Neve, with whom he had been living at 39, Hilldrop Crescent as his wife since Mrs. Crippen's alleged death in America last February. There is no need to recall all the circumstances of the case, which are now well known. One of its most interesting features is the fact that, for the first time in a case of criminal investigation, the Scotland Yard authorities have enlisted the active co-operation of the Press, and supplied portraits and full particulars of the persons "wanted." As Miss Belle Elmore, Mrs. Crippen was well known in the music-hall world, having been Honorary Secretary to the Music Hall Ladies' Guild, and she was universally popular.

*Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 by Illustrations Bureau; Nos. 2 and 3 by Hana; No. 5 supplied by the "Daily Mirror" at the request of Scotland Yard.*

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#### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy (from April 13, to July 6, 1910) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



NEW-LAIRED EGGS—GUARANTEED! DIGGING OUT A SEA-TURTLE'S NEST ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

The common sea-turtle indulges in a large family. She lays 150 round white eggs during the two days she remains on the nest. She then fills in the pit, which is about a foot deep, and leaves the eggs there to be hatched out by the heat of the sun.—[Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.]



A HATCHING THAT SHOULD SURPRISE ANY HEN: YOUNG ALLIGATORS BREAKING THE SHELL.

This remarkable snapshot of a wild alligator's nest in the Ever-Glades of Florida shows the young 'gators just coming out of their shells. The eggs, which are some three inches long, are like duck's-eggs. The little alligators when they first appear are about the size of lizards, and almost as lively.—[Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.]



A JAPANESE SUBSTITUTE FOR AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE "TIMES": PAPER FISHES HUNG UP ON THE BIRTH OF A BOY.

The Japanese have a picturesque way of announcing to their neighbours the birth of a son. They hang up paper fishes outside the house.

Photograph by Record Press.



NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR FOWL: A NEW OLM (PROTEUS ANGUINUS) AT THE "ZOO."

The olm, a cousin of the salamander, is found in subterranean pools in caves in Carniola. It is almost white, and quite blind. Though like an eel, it has both fore and hind limbs fully developed.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.



A BABY IN AN INCUBATOR: "TEDDY," THE LITTLE FOUNDLING IN THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL, BEING FED.

The foundling known as "Teddy" at the Hospital for Sick Children is being reared in an incubator. He lies on a water bed, and the temperature is carefully regulated.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



A STRANGE CRAFT THAT CAN DO 35 KNOTS: SALVING THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S HYDROPLANE, WHICH RECENTLY CAPSIZED OFF COWES.

When the Duke of Westminster's new hydroplane capsized off Cowes the other day, and he had a narrow escape from drowning, it sank in several fathoms of water. The vessel is forty feet long, and attained a speed of 35 knots. It is valued at over £3000, and was specially built to represent Great Britain in the International Races in America next month.—[Photograph by Kirk.]



AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH WITHOUT SPEECH: THE BANQUET OF THE DEAF AND DUMB REPUBLICANS IN PARIS.

At the Banquet of the Deaf and Dumb Republicans, which was held recently at the Negro Tavern, Paris, the conversation was conducted entirely by means of gestures. The banquet was presided over by M. Buisson. Our photograph shows M. Laufer, who is both deaf and dumb, making an after-dinner speech.—[Photograph by W.G.P.]

# CROWNS: CORONETS: COURTIERS

**L**ORD ROBERTS' circuit is the most varied and exciting of those planned for the Ambassadors who go on King George's errand to the foreign Courts. Including as it does St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Sofia, Belgrade, and Berlin, it can be said, with a little elasticity of the imagination, that the gallant soldier might, in other circumstances, have been sent to smash the hand he now kisses. The whole episode of the Ambassadors' mission will, of course, be charmingly unreasonable and old-fashioned—a mere formality. In past centuries, a King's Messenger might really carry a message; now, to take himself seriously, he must try and forget that the mailbag and the telegram have fore stalled him in every city he visits, and that Belgrade knows London's news almost before London itself knows it.

*A King's Man.* Lord Northampton makes his round of the foreign Courts with a high warrant of experience and ability. His ancestors were generally on the side of the Kings, which means, let us hope, that they were also, for the most part, on the side of the Angels. The second Earl fought obstinately for Charles I., and long before that Sir William Compton had ridden his horse at the Battle of the Spurs and trodden the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He had estates in twenty English counties and the favour of Henry VIII.; the present Peer has the favour of George V., and counts his acres by the ten thousand. He has just let Kinloch Luichart, with shootings and deer-forests, to that tenant of large ideas and capacity, Mr. C. W. Ogden.



WIFE OF SIR MONTAGUE CHOLMELEY, BT.: LADY CHOLMELEY AND HER DAUGHTER ROSAMOND.

Lady Cholmeley is a daughter of Mr. Montagu R. Waldo-Sibthorpe. She was married to Sir Montague A. R. Cholmeley, of Lincoln, fourth Baronet, in 1903, and their daughter Rosamond was born in the following year. Sir Montague Cholmeley was formerly a captain in the Grenadier Guards.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



DAUGHTERS OF SIR RICHARD AND LADY MURIEL PAGET, AND NIECES OF VISCOUNTESS GLADSTONE: ANGELA, SYLVIA, AND PAMELA PAGET. Lady Muriel Paget, who before her marriage to Sir Richard Paget was Lady Muriel Finch-Hatton, is a daughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchilsea. Sir Richard, who is a barrister, is a brother of Lady Gladstone, whose maiden name was Miss Dorothy Paget.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

*Youth.* We hear less and less of the Young Men. Without cruelly and baldly stating that the Winstons, the Harmsworths, and the rest are all approaching middle age, it may be suggested that the glamour of the youth of ten years ago is somewhat the worse for wear. Lord Granard seems to retrieve the situation. By many years the youngest of the King's special Accession Ambassadors, he has, by happy arrangement, two Kings on his list who are as young as, or younger than, himself. But his choice as the King's representative at the Courts of Spain and Portugal has not been made by juniority, but rather because he is the co-religionist of King Alfonso and King Manuel.

*Hurstmonceaux.* Not without fêting can a Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports leave Dover on

important travels; and Lord and Lady Brassey had to see the colour of champagne before they reached a sea that looked, as it happened, particularly like ginger-beer when the screw of the *Sunbeam* churned it into motion. The *Sunbeam* is a much-travelled yacht, with a record of knots so far in excess of the quarter, that there is no knowing when she will steam into her half-million. Lord Brassey, however, is proud of his yacht and her record, and keeps a strict eye on his log. The Hurstmonceaux Castle estate, which borders his place in Sussex, has just changed hands, but Lord Brassey left without word of his new neighbours.

*A Military Alliance.* The son of Mr. Walter Long (who kept his fifty-sixth birthday last week), and of Lady Doreen Long, Captain Long has been much congratulated on his engagement to Miss Sibell Johnstone, for in Army circles, as well as in the purely social and political worlds, he has a multitude of friends. His fiancée is also much related to soldiers. Her younger sister married, six years ago, Lord Ennismore, late of the Life Guards; her grandfather, Lord Derwent, was also in the Life Guards, and her father—who has, I see, been confused in the papers with Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Johnstone—was in the same regi-

ment. Miss Sibell Johnstone is related to the Pinchots, famous in forestry, of New York. To Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who is the brother of her aunt, trees are what the sea is to the sailor and pearls to the diver. I remember how well the pine-woods became his handsome person when last I saw him at Bar Harbour, most splendid and luxurious of New York's holiday resorts, where the thickly timbered mountains slope down to a lovely sea. It is certain that Mr. Gifford Pinchot had a specimen of pine among his cigars in his breast-pocket, and a cone somewhere near his heart. Such are his loves.

*Victoria I. and II.* The presence at Lady Esther Smith's dance of Lady Violet Manners, and at M. Bemberg's party of Lady Marjorie Manners, and of the Duchess of Rutland herself at other Society gatherings was the best possible bulletin as to the Duke's health. His illness was painful and disabling, but never serious. Lady Marjorie's first name, by the way, is Victoria, but, to avoid confusion with her aunt, she has adopted her present pretty title. Lady Victoria Manners has an interesting article on Lady Wantage's collection of pictures in a current magazine.



WIFE OF THE LATE KING'S DOCTOR, SIR JAMES REID, BT.: THE HON. LADY REID AND HER DAUGHTER, VICTORIA.

Lady Reid, who was married in 1899, is a daughter of the late Lord Revelstoke, and was formerly a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria. Sir James Reid became Physician-in-Ordinary to King Edward in 1899, and was one of the doctors who attended him in his last illness.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

## CAVALIERI AND THE LUCKY MAN.



IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE LUNE DE MIEL: MLLÉ. LINA CAVALIERI AND HER AMERICAN HUSBAND,  
MR. WINTHROP CHANDLER, A FEW HOURS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN PARIS.

It will be remembered that Mr. Robert Winthrop Chandler, who is a great-grandson of Mr. William B. Astor, proposed to Mlle. Lina Cavalieri, the famous Italian prima-donna, by cable, last April, and she accepted him in the same manner. The wedding took place at Paris in June, the ceremony being performed by the Assistant Mayor of the 8th Arrondissement. Paris, it may be recalled, was the scene of her earliest successes, and France is, as it were, the country of her adoption. Lovers of music have been rejoiced to hear that the famous singer intends to continue her career. Our photograph was taken a few hours after the wedding.

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"His Lordship's  
Cure."

Some of our numerous great actors are said to avoid reading notices upon their work or seeing the performances of other actors for fear of impairing their originality—that originality which the poor critics so often fail to detect. It may be that there are dramatists who follow suit. Certainly we see plays from time to time which suggest that their authors have held aloof from the stage. "His Lordship's Cure" is one of them. The authors, Dolf Wyllarde and Elliott Page, are ladies of talent, but their work is something of a throw-back. Explanations are given on two or three occasions by means of soliloquies—short explanations and short soliloquies, I must admit; but still the effect was curious in a new play pretending to be modern. They piled coincidences one upon another somewhat recklessly, needlessly too, for there would not have been the slightest difficulty in working out their dénouement without the use of the most improbable of their coincidences. Nobody denies the right of the dramatist to employ the "long arm of coincidence": he cannot possibly get on without it. Life itself cannot. Every event in the career of all of us is due to a long series of coincidences. In fact, if anybody chooses to analyse the events of his life and considers the mass of coincidences necessary to bring them about, he will feel almost surprised that anything has ever happened to him. The number of apparently unrelated causes involved in the fact that I have had the privilege of writing this column since the first number of *The Sketch* could hardly be stated in the couple of million words or so that I have written for the paper, which nevertheless, as everybody knows, is a prodigiously successful journal.

**The Long Arm.** Still, there are coincidences; and whilst some appear (though they are not) natural and obvious, others are so startling that the use of two or three of them in a play puts up the back of the playgoer, who immediately feels that pieces based upon them are false to life. One felt this very strongly in the case of "His Lordship's Cure." We might accept the fact that it is a mere coincidence that caused his youthful Lordship accidentally to have in his employment as under-gardener the sister of the girl to whom he was betrothed; but when we were asked to believe that he had engaged, by chance, as his secretary the young man to whom his fiancée had been engaged, we felt that it was going rather too far—we had already swallowed several big improbabilities. Yet, after all, we might have accepted this startling coincidence if the piece had not left us such a lot of time for

thinking. When the play stands still for the development of inessential humours, however agreeable, even the simplest playgoer begins to criticise the comic scenes between servants, apparently introduced only to be cut.

**Certain Merits.** There is another side of the matter. Some of the humours were quite agreeable—a little injured, no doubt, by tactless phrases about Woman's Suffrage and position in life, but still quite agreeable. One felt that the old Scots gardener who gave names to his plants based upon imaginary resemblances to human beings lacked the finer touches necessary to make the character solid, and that some of the jokes were too obvious and too elaborate; but his scenes with Miss Primrose, the charming lady under-gardener, were truly entertaining. Perhaps she was a rather idealised under-gardener—certainly it was not a realistic picture of gardening, and no real effort was made to bring the perfume of the fertiliser over the footlights, though I think the perfume would have been rather refreshing to the humble critic who was being asphyxiated by the costly scents worn on a warm afternoon by the lovely ladies surrounding him. Certainly there is a substantial amount of excellent work in the play, and one recollects some of the scenes with pleasure.

**Our Young Actresses.** Two charming young actresses appeared in the piece—Miss Viva



THE FUNNY MAN OF "THE WHIP" ENGAGED: MR. GEORGE BARRETT AND MISS BETTY RUTHERFORD.

Miss Betty Rutherford, who is engaged to Mr. George Barrett, is now appearing in "Our Miss Gibbs," at the Gaiety. Mr. George Barrett takes the part of Tom Lambert, the trainer, in "The Whip," at Drury Lane.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

Birkett, a very pretty girl, quite well enough, and Miss Pole, the character of the lady gardener, had a heavy task which she accomplished admirably. Miss Pole, though, apparently, quite young, is already an accomplished actress, and to the valuable qualifications of an agreeable voice and presence, adds the gift of intelligence. Mr. F. Crelin acted with a good deal of ability as the old Scots gardener. There was some merit in the work of Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who represented the hero..

**More One-Act Plays.** A matinée at the Shaftesbury Theatre, organised on behalf of the Actors' Church Union, was the occasion for the production of four one-act plays of varying degrees of merit, the most successful of which was "How It's Done," in which a sham Captain and a lady with golden hair played the confidence trick upon a young man. Mr. Weedon Grossmith was in great form; Miss May Palfrey and Mr. Wilfred Forster were good. There was sterner stuff in Mr. T. W. Broadhurst's well-written "Medea," in which Miss Anna Stannard played the leading part ably and with sincerity.



A PRETTY PIECE OF MIMICRY: MISS CISSIE LOFTUS AS HARRY LAUDER AT THE COLISEUM.

Her impersonation of Harry Lauder is one of the most amusing of the imitations which Miss Cissie Loftus is giving at the Coliseum. In September Cissie will become Cecilia again, for Miss Loftus, who alternates between the variety and the regular stage, is to appear in Mr. W. J. Locke's new play, "The Man from the Sea," which will be produced by Mr. J. E. Vedrenne.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



TO APPEAR AS Mlle. SILBERKLANG IN "THE IMPRESARIO" AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS BEATRICE LA PALME.

Miss Beatrice La Palme, who is here seen as Despina, disguised as a doctor, in "Così Fan Tutte," has been cast for the part of Mlle. Silberklang in "The Impresario" (Mozart's "Der Schauspiel-direktor"), which Mr. Beecham has arranged to produce at His Majesty's on Saturday. Among the musical numbers are an aria for Miss La Palme, and a trio and quartet in which she takes part.

Photograph by Dover Street Studio.

## CRIMINALS, BEWARE THE HAWK-LIKE EYE!



THE UNDYING SHERLOCK HOLMES: MR. SAINTSBURY'S REPRESENTATION OF THE NAPOLEON OF DETECTIVES  
IN "THE SPECKLED BAND," AT THE ADELPHI.

In his representation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous character, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury has, it will be seen, based his make-up closely on the late Mr. Sidney Paget's illustrations to the stories as they appeared in the "Strand Magazine." Dressing-gown, pipe, and all the other familiar accessories are there. Mr. Saintsbury also thoroughly looks the part, and he has had considerable experience in playing it in the provinces before the piece was put on in London. It may be recalled that the title-part in "Sherlock Holmes" was first played in London at the Lyceum in 1901 by Mr. William Gillette, who had previously produced that play in New York.

*Photographs by Ellis and Valery.*

# KEYNOTES

## "FEUERSNOT" AND BELTANE FIRES.

After being roundly abused for faults his work does not exhibit, Dr. Richard Strauss is enjoying his revenge. Music that is quite unworthy of comparison with his latter-day achievements is being received with enthusiasm. Judged as an opera, "Feuersnot" is a third-rate work, but it has been greeted as though it were a masterpiece. The libretto is founded upon an old and rather unclean legend associated with the Beltane Fires of St. John's Eve, and as there seems to be a fairly general impression that these old-time ceremonies have passed away, it may be worth remarking that they are still to be seen in remote parts of Brittany. The annual hiring of farm labourers in Brittany takes place on St. John's Day, and, on the eve of St. John, bonfires are still lighted at nightfall, and may be counted by the score from any hill-top commanding a large sweep of surrounding country. These bonfires are lighted by labourers on the outlying farms; in the villages and small towns of Brittany the old-time custom is dying out. In his "Salaminbo," Gustave Flaubert deals with the ceremonies at length, and it is said that the Beltane Fires of St. John's Eve are a relic of those far-off pagan times when children were passed through fire in honour of Moloch. If a young man and woman jump over the ashes of one of these fires it is still supposed to be a sign that they will be married within the year.

The libretto of the Strauss opera deals with a student of magic, who gives his books and furniture to the children to add to their St. John's Eve bonfire, and then, realising that "time is slipping underneath his feet," while he is buried in hard, dull work, he runs up to the Burgomaster's daughter and kisses her *coram populo*. The lady resents the compliment, and when he urges her to admit him to her room while the town is busy round the bonfires, she pretends to agree to his proposal. He enters a basket that she may draw him up to her room, and is left suspended between earth and heaven as was Mohammed before him. By his magic he extinguishes all the town's lights, and in the darkness the townsfolk, who have threatened to gibbet him for his behaviour, now appeal to the Burgomaster's daughter to comply with his request, in order that they may have light. The lady is complaisant, but the magician must first address the townsfolk, apparently to tell them that, because they rejected Wagner when he chastised them with whips, it is now their fate to endure Richard Strauss when he chastises them with scorpions. The precise relevancy of this interlude must be left to the higher criticism. At last the Burgomaster's daughter,

hoping, one imagines, that he is a better lover than preacher, takes him to her room, and after an interval—one hesitates to criticise the scene—light spreads from her room to the rest of the town.

The treatment of this amazing theme would seem to suggest that, when the opera was written ten years ago, Dr. Richard Strauss had yet the 'prentice work of the operatic art to learn. For the first half of the one act in which the adventures of Kunrad and Diemut

are set out, the composer seems to have but a minimum of regard for the stage. He is concerned with things of the orchestra, clever, noisy, blatant things that should make the unfortunate singers well aware that he is not bothering about their troubles. Later he wakes to a sense of their existence, and the pages of his score, greatly refreshed by a modest draught of Wagner's music, become interesting to those who are not moved by mere orchestral ingenuity. Wagner saves the lecture to the townspeople from becoming a weariness to the ears, and the closing scene is the best of all, though there, as in the rest of the act, the scoring seems all too heavy. When the curtain has fallen there is very little sense of operatic achievement left; for those who have listened most

carefully to "Feuersnot" the chief impression is that of a clever man who has been amusing himself at the public expense, and we are left wondering at the probable fate of such a work if it were presented to a British audience without the saving grace of the composer's name.

Whatever the shortcomings of the score, they were not lightened by the interpretation. The children rewarded Kunrad's kindness in giving his house for their fires by singing out of tune, and perhaps it was in sympathy with them that the magician did the same. If he had used his magic arts to improve their intonation and his own,

he would have studied to some purpose. Miss Maude Fay hardly helped the dispassionate onlooker to realise her latent sprightliness, high spirits, and capacity for self-sacrifice, and the rest of the parts are so small and trivial that it was impossible not to feel sorry for the capable artists entrusted with them. Mr. Beecham's enthusiasm for the music was very pronounced, with the result that singers were so many stage Jeffries in the merciless hands of the Johnson of the orchestra. The stage seemed too small for the house, and the orchestra too large. In

COMMON CHORD.



AS URSULA THE COOPER'S  
WIFE IN "FEUERSNOT":  
MISS EDITH EVANS.



AS WALPURG THE POTTER'S  
WIFE IN "FEUERSNOT":  
MISS CAROLINE HATCHARD.

Last week we gave portraits of some of the principal singers who were to appear in "Feuersnot," Strauss's light opera at His Majesty's. Now that it has been produced, we are able to give Miss Edith Evans and Miss Caroline Hatchard in the costumes which they wear in the opera, as the wives of two worthy citizens of Munich.



A MAGIC-MONGERING ROMEO AND A TRICKSY JULIET: THE BALCONY SCENE IN STRAUSS'S "FEUERSNOT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

The story of "Feuersnot" is connected with the old custom of lighting bonfires on St. John's Eve. A young alchemist of Munich, named Kunrad, when the children knock at his door to ask for wood, suddenly realises that he has wasted his life in study. He lets the children plunder his house, and comes out to see life. His first step is to kiss the Burgomaster's daughter, Diemut (Miss Maude Fay), much to her annoyance. To pay him out, she invites him up to her balcony, hauls him up half-way in a basket, and then leaves him in mid air, to be jeered at by the crowd. In revenge he, by his magic, puts out all the lights and fires of the town until Diemut shall give him her love. This she eventually does, and the lights are then rekindled.

short, it appears to the writer that "Feuersnot" is well-nigh void of attractions, even if it will draw all London to His Majesty's to pay the necessarily enhanced prices quite cheerfully and declare that the opera is wonderful.

## LADIES ONLY.



LADY (*annoyed by constant yelling of baby*) : Poor little dear! Is it a boy or a girl?

MOTHER (*delighted at the attention*) : A boy.

LADY : Well, perhaps you wouldn't mind getting out at the next station. What's he doing in a ladies' compartment, anyhow?

## PROFIT AND LOSS.



FIRST CRITIC: You remember 'fore she married she lived with 'er mother at that little sweet-shop at the corner ; 'e 'ad a bit o' splosh, of course.  
 SECOND CRITIC: There, now, what d'yer think o' that ! An' now she goes about exposin' as much of 'er person as if she was a real lady, the 'ussy



AGITATED PASSENGER: Porter, porter! In one of the carriages—I can't remember which one—I've left this week's "Home Babbler." Just go along and look for it—quick!  
 SYMPATHETIC PORTER (realising the situation): I'll go d'rectly, Mum—this instant, Mum. Does 'e marry 'er, Mum?

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"BLACK DESPAIR, THE SHADOW OF A STARLESS NIGHT."



LEONARD (*resignedly*): Elizabeth, I'm afraid that no one will see us now that darkness has come on.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## STUDIES IN ROYAL INSANITY.

FROM the very nature of the subject, a book like this\* is apt to make history a sort of nightmare. If one were to concentrate attention upon a selection of lunatics from any class or profession, the result would doubtless be the same. In the case of royalties, who dwell in the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," anecdotes of personal eccentricity are liable to be exaggerated, and, of course, the opportunities for the indulgence of whims and caprices are greater with kings and queens than with ordinary mortals.

Dr. Rappoport denies emphatically that his purpose is to preach Socialism or to denounce monarchy. He proclaims himself a strong opponent of equality, and a believer in the rule of the superior man over the many. The object of his attack is hereditary monarchy, and the hereditary principle altogether. "I am endeavouring to prove," he writes, "by historical narrative, the flagrant injustice of such hereditary privileges. . . . I have related in the present volume the story of some rulers of antiquity—of the Habsburgs in Spain, the Oldenburghs in Denmark, the Wasas in Sweden, and of Ivan the Terrible, Tsar of Russia. In a subsequent volume I hope to deal with the hereditary neurosis of the Habsburgs in Austria, the Valois, the Bourbons, the Medicis, and several other dynastic houses of Europe."

The first chapter deals with the origin and theory of hereditary monarchy, the second with the causes of insanity and degeneracy in royal houses. Neurosis is the hereditary disease which, according to the author, most generally afflicts them. "The practice of consanguineous marriages among royal families . . . has greatly added to their degeneration. In order to keep the royal blood free from any foreign and inferior admixture, the Incas and Persians, and afterwards the Ptolemies, allowed the marriage of royal brother and sister. Modern royal families, even if not going so far, practise in-breeding to a considerable extent."

Chapter III. deals with the madness of Nebuchadnezzar, who suffered from lykanthropy or kynanthropy, Saul, and the Roman Emperors, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. "Like Jupiter, Caligula took to wife his own sister—nay, he went a step further, and married all his sisters." He surpassed modern society's pet-worship in his adoration of his horse. "For his horse Incitatus he constructed a marble stable with an ivory trough, made the animal a gift of a pearl necklace, of slaves and servants, and invited the great ones of the Empire to come and sup with his horse. At last he is said to have raised Incitatus to the dignity of consul."

We are next introduced to "the captive of Tordesillas," Queen Juana la Loca (Jane the Mad), daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and mother of Charles V., ancestress thus of a long line of rulers. Her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria, to

whom she was devoted, died young, and she was shut up for fifty years at Tordesillas on the Douro. In the early years of her widowhood, our Henry VII. was a suitor for her hand. He, we are told, "declared himself willing to marry the Queen, whether sane or not." Juana, however, did not take a second husband.

Don Carlos, son of Philip II. and grandson of Juana, is next on the scene. He, it is said, enjoyed roasting animals alive, and was given to violence. "A shoemaker having sent the Prince a pair of boots with narrow legs, Don Carlos . . . rang violently for an attendant, whom, not answering quickly enough, the Prince threw out of the window into the moat below. . . . He ordered the boots to be cut up into small pieces, cooked, and sent over to the shoemaker for him to eat."

The reader now migrates to Denmark, and scrapes acquaintance with Christian VII.—"the Northern scamp," he is called—and his wife, Caroline Matilda, sister of our George III. There would seem to have been a good deal of method, or at any rate of humour, in his madness at one time. While in London he went to see a merchant, on business, under the name of "Mr. Frederickson," of the King's suite.

"I am told," the merchant continued, "that Christian is a most extravagant and thoughtless young dog." . . . The King laughed, answering that the merchant had drawn a very correct picture of his Majesty. "And what is the nature of your employment?" asked the merchant. "My chief consists in dressing the King and in looking out for amusements." "Then you are sure to have great influence with the King?" "No man has more influence with the King of Denmark than I have," was the reply." There are several other good stories of Christian the Seventh's Bohemian doings in London.

The last four chapters treat of Eric XIV. of Sweden and Ivan the Terrible of Russia. The madness of Ivan, as most people know, took the form of fiendish cruelty on a large scale. The details do not make cheerful reading. As Gilbert says, "We'll spare you the particulars." Those who like that kind of thing will find plenty of it here. Eric XIV. of Sweden is not so well known. He has the distinction of having courted Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots simultaneously. In fact, he laid siege to the hearts of quite a number of royal ladies in different parts of Europe, but they all rejected him, and he eventually married "one of his many concubines, the best beloved, Catherine Månsdotter," formerly a vendor of nuts in the streets of Stockholm. Eric was dethroned, imprisoned, and ultimately poisoned by his brother, Duke John of Finland.

In conclusion, Dr. Rappoport dwells on the strange submissiveness of the nations to their "raving rulers." The Russian people actually *bewailed* the death of Ivan the Terrible, "the hooligan Tsar," or "the madman of the Kremlin," as the author calls him. Seventeen interesting portraits of "mad Majesties" adorn the book.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY:  
THE NATIONAL SPORT AS PRACTISED IN JAPAN.

In view of the great popularity of the Japanese wrestlers who are exhibiting their powers at the White City, it is interesting to see, from the above photograph, under what conditions the national sport of Japan is pursued in that country.—[Photograph by W. S. Smith.]

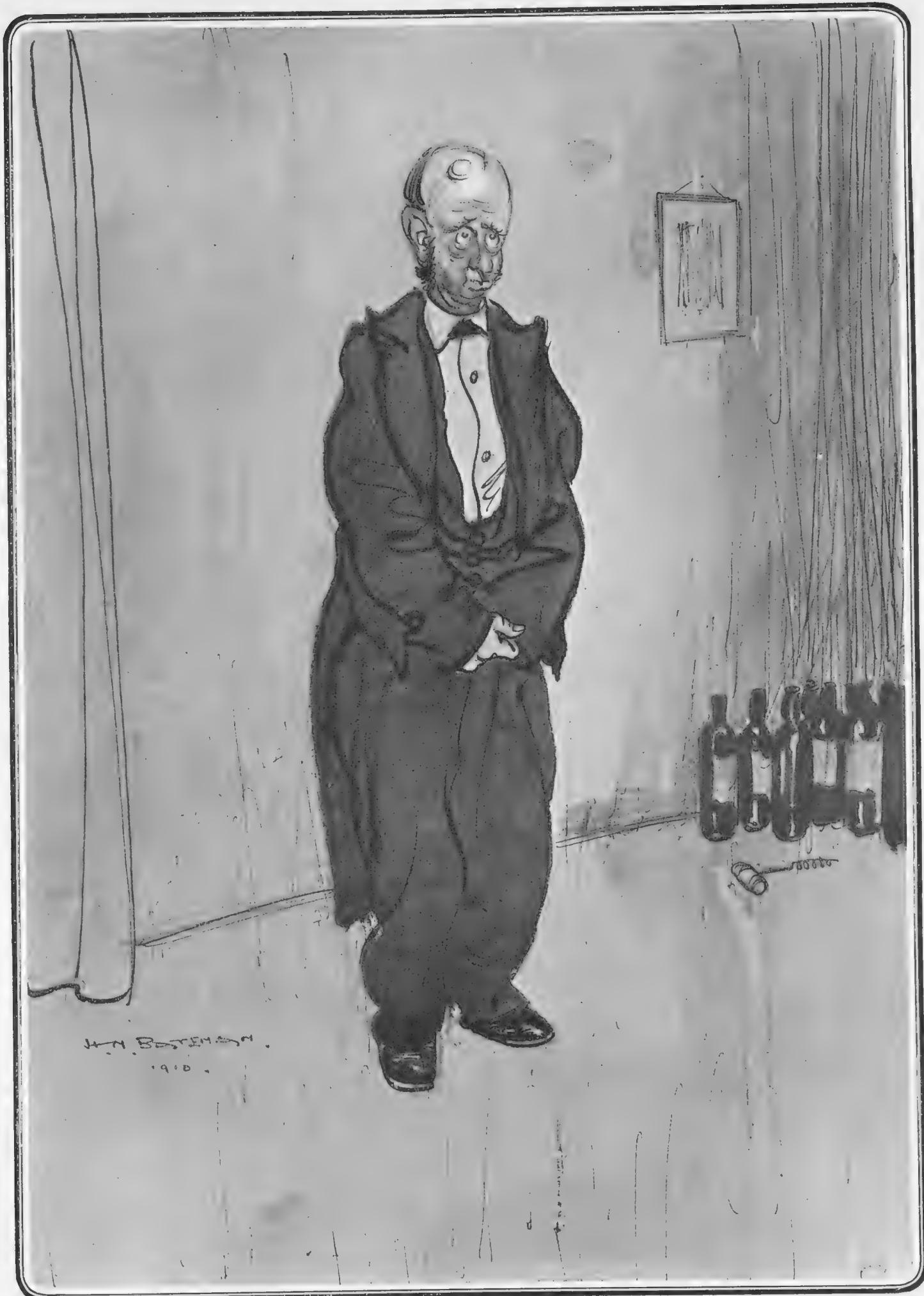


"HARES" THAT ARE CAUGHT BY THE LASSO: PATAGONIAN CAVES IN A PRIVATE ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION IN FRANCE.

The mars, or Patagonian cavy, an animal somewhat resembling a hare, has been found to be easily acclimated in France. These rodents abound in Patagonia, and as far north as the pampas of Argentina. They generally go in pairs or parties ranging from four to eight. They live in burrows, feeding on grass, roots, and stems. The female produces two litters a year of two to five young ones. The Patagonian cavies differ from the true cavies in having longer limbs and ears, and a short tail, which is always turned to one side; also, in coming out by daylight, they are among the few mammals that always like to bask in the sun. They can be easily tamed when caught young, but need to be enclosed or tethered.

In conclusion, Dr. Rappoport dwells on the strange submissiveness of the nations to their "raving rulers." The Russian people actually *bewailed* the death of Ivan the Terrible, "the hooligan Tsar," or "the madman of the Kremlin," as the author calls him. Seventeen interesting portraits of "mad Majesties" adorn the book.

"FLUSH'D GANYMEDE."



HIRED!

DRAWN BY H. N. BATEMAN.



## THE WINE OF OBLIVION.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

## I.

THE Oasis Club is one which at no time courts publicity. Indeed, to the majority of Londoners its very name is unknown. Its unostentatious premises are in a quiet little street which opens out of Piccadilly, and the number of its members is strictly limited to forty. They are a joyous company, meeting together for more complete and boyish relaxation than may be obtained in the conventional club-room—great men, nearly all of them, who, despite certain ponderous records in the pages of "Who's Who" and Debrett, possess an elasticity of spirit which accounts for both the *raison d'être* of the club and its title.

The annual dinner was drawing to its close when Lord John Bayfield, Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, paused in the act of peeling a peach to turn to Sir Eglynton Wrest, scientist, and chairman of the committee.

"Who is our Arabian friend?" he inquired in a low tone.

Wrest shot a sidelong glance towards the further end of the room, where a tall figure, dark-skinned and wearing the traditional turban and robe, was attending to the guests with a deft perfection oddly inconsistent with his air of almost regal dignity.

"Husan, a fellow who, I gather, came over here some weeks ago with the intention of setting up as a crystal-gazer and general dabbler in the occult in the West End. Your 'Fraudulent Professions Bill,' which, the papers tell me, comes up for the Third Reading in a day or so, has hit him hard, in common with a good many others—"

"And a good thing too!" said the Under-Secretary sharply. "It gives me unlimited satisfaction to know that any swindler, Arabian or otherwise, who in future attempts to mislead credulous fools at so much per interview will render himself liable to immediate arrest, with the fairly certain prospect of a year's hard labour afterwards."

"A somewhat drastic measure, don't you think? And, as a matter of fact, Husan scarcely represents the ordinary type of fortune-teller, for he has, it appears, studied both psychology and natural science. He found out in some way that you were expected to be here to-night, and called to implore me to allow him to take the place of Jobbins, who is ill. In addition, he asked to be allowed to prepare a beverage of his own composition, in honour of the occasion. I—well, I liked the man, and I gave him permission. Moreover, I analysed the mixture which he prepared—"

Lord John lifted his eyebrows.

"And found it to be a subtle and virulent poison?"

"On the contrary, the stuff appears to be nothing more formidable than pure water, with the addition of cane sugar and a little vegetable flavouring."

Bayfield laughed.

"It is a fact. Husan admitted as much when I accused him of trying to perpetrate a particularly silly sort of joke, but begged me not to dishonour him by omitting his contribution from the menu. The fellow has an extraordinary gift of the gab, and seemed in earnest. Hence—well, there's a jug of the stuff on the buffet there. The taste isn't unpleasant, and the name, according to the inventor, is romantic enough to justify one's indulging in at least a wineglassful."

Bayfield became aware that the Arab was watching them intently. It would seem as though he had been following the conversation, for he lifted the big cut-glass jug and came with it slowly in the direction of the two men.

He stood uncannily still until the plates of both were empty, and then, bowing, turned to Lord John Bayfield.

"Will his Excellency honour the least of his servants by drinking of the Wine of Oblivion?" he said.

There was a perceptible break in the murmur of conversation, for the Arab's voice, although low, had a curiously penetrative quality. The Under-Secretary fumbled with his pince-nez, adjusted them, and looked up at him.

"It is harmless," Husan continued in a swift undertone, "as he on thy right will bear witness. If I had not been branded, under your new law, as a cheat and impostor, I might have spoken further, but—"

Lord John Bayfield was a man of impulse. He made a motion for the other to set down the jug.

"Law or no law," he said, "you shall tell us. Plead your own cause, and if we do not implicitly believe—why, let the fault lie with our Western temperaments." He turned from the inscrutable face of the Arab to those of his fellow-guests. There was a quick chorus of approval. They were men who had dined well, were at peace with the universe, and more than willing to be

diverted so long as the demand upon their time or credulity was not too exorbitant.

The Arab stepped a pace backwards, surveying the brightly lit table with narrowed eyes. He smiled—the good-humoured smile of one who is willing to amuse, and turned again to Lord John.

"I came as a stranger to this country, and without friends, to reveal what I have spent my life in learning. But I find that if I even attempt to do so, I shall be cast into bondage in company with drunkards and knaves and other outcasts. . . . And so, for one night at least, I offer myself as your servant, surrendering my ambition, but not my secret. *That is here!*" He laid a brown finger upon his forehead, and then touched the rim of the glass jug. His voice sank to a purring whisper, "Here, in the Wine of Oblivion, lies the solution of a thousand problems, since he who drinks consigns to utter forgetfulness the subject which may be in his mind at the moment."

Lord John yawned.

"All very poetical," he said, his eyes still upon Husan's; "but nonsense—flowery and obscure nonsense—nevertheless."

The Arab lifted the jug again.

"My Lord, is there nothing—no incident—in your life, the memory of which you would efface?" he asked.

"Many things," said the Under-Secretary promptly. "But, my good fellow, I doubt the potency of your sugar-and-water recipe."

Sir Eglynton intervened.

"Come, Husan, this jest has gone far enough. Your theories are amusing, but the subject has its limitations. Create, if you like, oblivion for yourself."

The Arab bowed.

"So!" he said, and with extreme deliberation took up a wine-glass, filled it from the jug, and lifted it to his lips.

"To the dying memory of to-night's dishonour," he concluded, and drank.

Sir Eglynton glanced at Lord John's impassive face.

"If this Bill were in operation," he began, "and it rests with yourself whether it ever becomes law—"

But the Under-Secretary, stirred by a fresh impulse, took up his own glass and extended it towards the Arab.

As Wrest had indicated, the flavour of the wine was not unpleasant. There was a long pause, and then Bayfield became aware that Farringford—K.C. and inveterate practical joker—had risen to his feet.

"Twenty years ago," he said solemnly, "I was unwise enough, with that particular unwisdom which follows the drinking too much champagne, to knock a policeman's helmet over his head and then to steal his whistle. I paid for my amusement pretty heavily on the following day, and the memory of my police-court appearance is still extraordinarily vivid. In fact, it may have restrained me from the perpetration of similar jests. But for the sake of my self-respect, I should like to forget the whole thing. . . . Husan—the wine!"

Husan brought it quickly, his eyes glowing. None of the party, Bayfield noted, seemed to think it worth while to tell him that Russell Farringford had never been in earnest in his life, and that his chief amusement lay in laughing at the foibles and beliefs of other men.

Next to Farringford sat Wicliff, the actor. As usual, his handsome face, scored with innumerable fine lines, indicated the last stages of boredom.

"For more nights than I care to remember," he drawled, "I have capered under the limelight as Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth. And I am sick of them all. The immortality of the Immortal Bard irks me. Let me drink, in the hope that something at least of what I have learned may pass into the limbo of Oblivion!"

The Arab handed him the jug.

"You attempt much," Bayfield heard him say with slow gravity, as Wicliff raised a brimming glass of the mauve-tinted liquid to his lips, and watched him move on—to where Bernard Lewis, the chubby little financier who dominated a dozen syndicates, beckoned him.

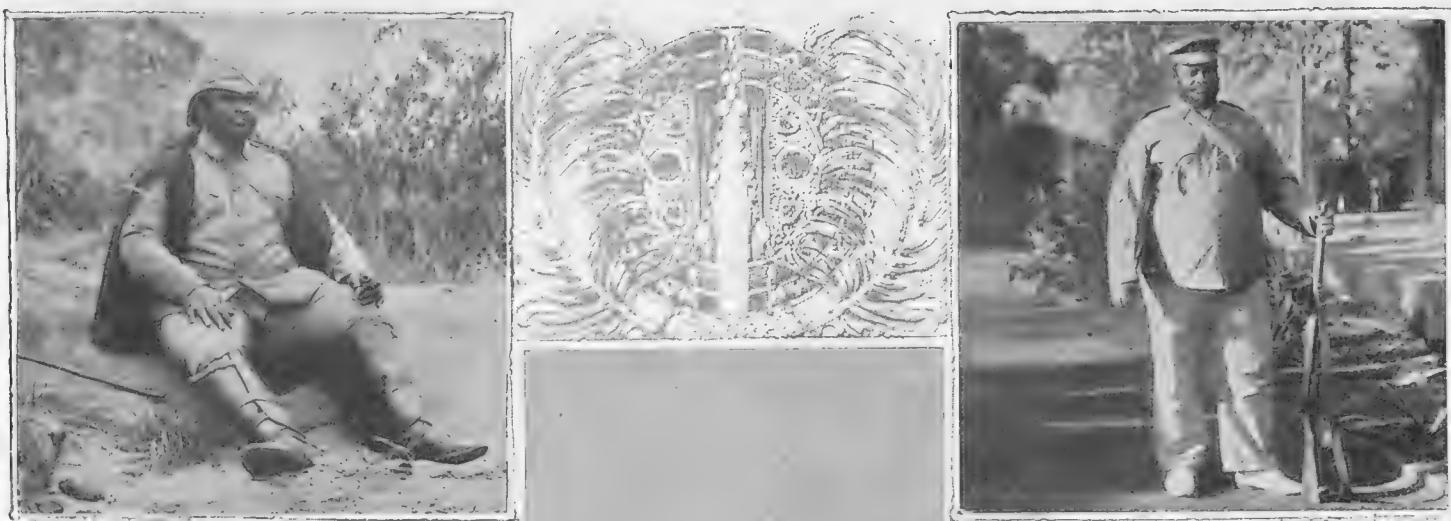
Lord John observed that the cut-glass jug was almost empty when Husan, erect and incomparably dignified to the last, bowed himself out of the dining-room of the Oasis Club.

## II.

The Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs leaned back in his padded chair, his face white and rigid. On the desk before him lay a scattered pile of newspapers, all of approximately the

*[Continued overleaf.]*

NO WONDER THE SUFFRAGETTES DO NOT MIND PRISON !



PRISON LIFE AS A FIGURE IMPROVER: DINUZULU BEFORE AND AFTER HIS INCARCERATION.

The extraordinary change in Dinuzulu's appearance since his imprisonment in 1907, for complicity in the Zulu risings of that and the previous year, suggests a possible reason why some Suffragettes should not object to going to gaol. It is obvious that, in his case, the prison regimen has caused a great improvement in his figure in the direction of slimness. The two upper photographs were taken before his conviction; the larger portrait was taken at Pretoria recently, on the occasion of his liberation. Dinuzulu's sentence was one of four years, but at the first Cabinet meeting of the South African Union it was decided to pardon him. He is to be given a farm near Nylstroom, in the Transvaal, and £500 a year. He has twenty-seven wives, but only eleven children. They will all live with him at Nylstroom.

*Photographs by J. S. Marwick (the large portrait) and the Napier Studio.*

A. D. M.

same date. One by one he took them up listlessly, as he had done many times before.

The first was headed "The *Daily Echo*, October 5."

"At nine-thirty precisely," began a paragraph, "the Under-Secretary for Home Affairs rose for the purpose of moving the Third Reading of the 'Fraudulent Professions Bill,' for which he is responsible, but upon the merits of which there are known to be considerable differences of opinion in the Cabinet. The House was crowded to excess, as it was anticipated that Lord John's speech would not only be of an important nature, but in that brilliantly dialectical style which we have learned to expect from a statesman of such antecedents.

"Unfortunately, however, the hopes of his Lordship's friends were doomed to swift disappointment, for, after the first few halting sentences, it became evident that he was utterly incapable of grappling with the subject, upon which he spoke so convincingly less than a week ago. To those nearest, it was obvious that he was making a pitiable and fruitless attempt to explain at least the outlines of the Bill, and when he came to an abrupt halt, and then, after a painful pause, resumed his seat, there were murmurs of sympathy from every part of the House.

"Rumour has, of course, been rife, but a complete nervous breakdown seems at present the only solution consistent with this extraordinary contretemps."

The next was a copy of the *Wire* of October 7—

"An unusual scene was witnessed at Marlborough Street this morning," read Bayfield, "when Mr. Russell Farringford, the eminent King's Counsel, was charged with picking pockets in the neighbourhood of Oxford Circus.

A police constable stated that Mr. Farringford was given into custody by an American gentleman at present staying at the Hotel Majestic, who, feeling a tug at his coat, turned and gripped the prisoner by the wrist. The inspector, who knew the latter, at first refused to take the charge, but upon Mr. Farringford's pockets being searched, and an extraordinary quantity of miscellaneous valuables belonging to the prosecutor being discovered, he had no alternative.

The prisoner, who appeared overcome at finding himself in such a position, was understood to say that a wine of some brand or another was responsible for the whole thing. The magistrate, charitably taking this view of the case, and attributing it to nothing more than the result of a drunken wager, discharged the accused with a few cautionary sentences."

The next was the *Brailsford Observer* of October 6—

"It is our duty to record a somewhat painful occurrence, which took place yesterday at a matinée given at the Theatre Royal, in this town. It will be remembered that Mr. Eugene Wicliff, the eminent tragedian, had been billed to appear in 'Othello,' with a London company, and since it was his first appearance in the district, the building was packed to suffocation point in anticipation of a more than ordinarily fine performance.

"But the dismay of the audience may be imagined when it became evident that Mr. Wicliff, either through indisposition or 'staleness,' was utterly unequal to remembering even the chief lines of the play. Despite the unremitting efforts of the prompter, and the loyal support of every other member of the company, the whole thing was a miserable and unqualified fiasco. The chief performer's rendering of the immortal lines suggested nothing so much as a schoolboy reciting them for the first time, and reciting them very badly.

"We would, with all deference, advise Mr. Wicliff either to take a prolonged vacation, or to abandon the stage for some profession less exacting, before the laurels which he has previously won are entirely withered."

The last was merely a cutting, taken from the *Financial Examiner* of the current week—

"Considerable excitement was caused in Throgmorton Street on Tuesday last," it ran, "owing to the absence of Mr. Bernard Lewis from the Special Meeting of the Angora Concessions, Ltd.

"It was an open secret that Mr. Lewis stood to benefit very largely by the reorganisation scheme which the meeting had been convened to sanction, but, upon an urgent message being dispatched to that gentleman's house at Surbiton, it was discovered that, by some inexplicable lapse of memory, he had forgotten the very existence of the company, and was absorbed in a game of Badminton with his youngest daughter.

"Elaborate explanations were necessary before he could be induced to catch a fast train back to the City, and upon his arrival Mr. Lewis completed the discomfiture of his supporters by throwing himself with characteristic ardour against the reorganisation scheme, with the result that it was eventually defeated by a narrow majority."

For a long time Lord John sat staring down at the papers like one stupefied. Then, into the dark confusion of his brain there crept a faint ray of hope. He was a proud man, but his pride must be sacrificed for something greater. He scribbled a hurried note, folded and addressed it, and rang the bell.

A servant appeared.

"Drive in a hansom immediately to the Oasis Club. Inquire if

a man named Husan—an Arab—is still employed there, and, if he is, deliver this note to him and await an answer. If he has left, find out where he has gone, and follow him. Above all, waste as little time as possible."

"Very good, my Lord."

Bayfield wandered to the window, and watched the man drive away. Nearly an hour passed—the longest hour of his life—before the servant returned. He held a thin grey envelope in his hand, and the Under-Secretary ripped it open with blundering, nervous fingers.

The enclosure, which bore a Bond Street address, was brevity itself—

The message of your Excellency has been brought to my rooms here. I shall be wholly at your service, if you will honour me by calling here at three o'clock this afternoon.

With profound regrets for any act of mine which may have caused misfortune, and humble salutations,

HUSAN.

Bayfield drove to Bond Street a little before the hour. Husan's rooms, it appeared, were on the second floor. Bayfield's card was taken in by a dark-skinned attendant, and immediately afterwards the statesman was ushered into a large room, austere yet well furnished. It was also slightly darkened, and filled with a faint, pleasant perfume which steadied his nerves. From an inner apartment he could catch occasional murmurs of conversation.

A door opened, and the Arab appeared, white-robed and gravely urbane.

"I am at your Lordship's service," he said, bowing.

Lord John Bayfield had the reputation of knowing precisely what he wanted, and also of being a practised and fluent speaker. But here, in the presence of this inscrutable Oriental, he found himself dumb.

"Oh, confound it all!" he broke out at last. "You know as well as I do that since that evening when you handed round your accursed drug at the club——"

"Yes?" said Husan patiently, as his visitor came to a stammering halt.

Lord John put a shaking hand to his forehead.

"There's been a hiatus—a gap in my brain. I feel as though part of it had been frozen or paralysed. . . . I—I've kept entirely away from the House for the past week; but this can't go on indefinitely."

"You drank of the Wine of Oblivion," said Husan gently; "but you did not believe——"

"I don't say that I believe in it now."

"Then—why do you come to me?"

The Under-Secretary was silent. The retort was inevitable. He cursed himself for a superstitious fool in imagining that the visit could afford him any satisfaction.

"There were others who drank it," he said at last, sullenly. "What of them?"

The Arab smiled, and, turning, opened the door of the inner room, pushed Lord John forward a couple of paces, and closed it again. There was a quick movement of feet—a stifled exclamation. Bayfield found himself face to face with Sir Eglynonton Wrest, Lewis, Eugene Wicliff, and Farringford.

"You—too!" cried Wrest.

"I—I came——" began Lord John.

Farringford interrupted impatiently.

"You need not explain," he said. "Each of us wrote, and Husan, with his fine sense of dramatic effect, made appointments which would bring us all here together. For some of us this meeting may not be too late. I, for one, am a ruined man!"

"And I!" said Wicliff, with a laugh that was more than half-a-sob, the others echoing his words.

Bayfield suddenly remembered a bowl of pale-mauve liquid which had stood upon a table in the outer room.

"There is only one thing left," he said hoarsely. "We have each lost honour and reputation—the things in life which men hold most precious. But the loss itself may be forgotten. You remember his words: 'To the dying memory of to-night's dishonour' . . . Husan!"

The door opened. On the threshold stood the Arab, smiling, the bowl in his hands.

The Under-Secretary took it from him and drank.

### III.

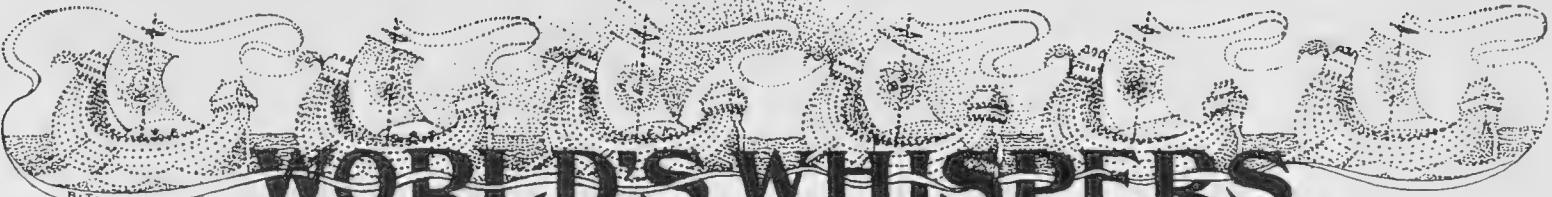
A white mist rolled, like a curtain, across his brain. A deadly faintness swept over him, and passed. Husan still stood at his side, but all else had changed. Bayfield's eye fell upon the date at the head of the menu, and then upon the long table, shaded with soft lights, twinkling with silver. Men whom he knew—fellow-members of the Club—were chatting carelessly over after-dinner cigars with untroubled faces.

He became conscious that the Arab was gazing beyond him into space, and still smiling—inscrutable; and that Wrest, on his right, was asking a question.

"If your Bill were already in operation," the Chairman was saying, "would a genuine hypnotist—a man possessing powers obviously beyond the ordinary—be liable to imprisonment with hard labour?"

"Possibly," said Lord John. "But the point is scarcely likely to be more than a purely technical one, for the very excellent reason that the Bill is about to be abandoned."

THE END.



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE rule of no reference to ladies in House of Commons debates can now be broken through with impunity. Mr. Annan Bryce declared that in opposing Votes for Women he had "his household" against him, and there was a little rustle of pleasure at this

veiled allusion to the charming lady of Bryanston Square. Everybody was sorry that she was not there to be heard in reply! Then Mr. Austen Chamberlain drew for himself a contrary picture of domestic agreement—if he did not repudiate woman suffrage, his wife would repudiate him. The House smiled at the thought of the political ardour of this anti-political lady. The respectful terror with which the married man regards women was dwelt on by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who went to California for a wife, and would think himself the lucky man he is had he travelled fourteen times as far. Mr. Asquith, of course, did not need to allude to the domestic influences which help to make him hostile to "the vote"—everybody had them in mind.

As Miss Maud Coleridge, Mrs. Dresden was well known in artistic and social circles in London as an accomplished artist. She is a daughter of the late Mr. W. R. Coleridge, of Salston, Ottery St. Mary, Devon. She was married to Mr. Ernest Dresden, of 4, Cavendish Square and Saxham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

*Photograph by Rouselle.*

And Mr. Balfour did not quote his sister—faithful to her brother in her support of this cause as in every other cause he may espouse.

*1799-1910.* Lord Portman, who helped Lady Portman to receive their friends in the gardens of Portman House last week, flourishes exceedingly on London air—and heirlooms. He is a model for all landlords. He keeps his peace of mind, and pays no taxes in health or happiness to the Taxi Cabinet at Westminster. With over half-a-century between his first and his second marriage, and with eighty-one years to his credit, Lord Portman follows the example of many long-lived and twice-married Portmans of the past. It is interesting to remember that his father was born in the eighteenth century.

"*The Drama of Holles Street.*" Lord Howard de Walden is another Londoner who is cheerful on account of—or is it in spite of?—an enormous income derived from West-End property. But he has embarrassments, and when he passes along Oxford Street the big board at the corner of Holles Street naturally bewilders him almost as much as it does the Americans on the 'bus-tops. His tenant at that spot fights his battles by commenting on the iniquities of his landlord in large, public lettering. The

suggestion that Lord Howard de Walden should cover the outward walls of his own residence with sufficient replies to the Holles Street attacks has not found favour, and Belgrave Square awaits the house-painter and the repartees in vain. Lord Howard de Walden is, we are informed, still a shareholder in the *Academy*, the paper from the editorship of which Lord Alfred Douglas has retired after an adventurous term.

*Friends at Large.* I hear that the King gravely resents the "characters" supplied him gratuitously by a Dean here or a journalist there, and nobody can wonder if such should be the case. A new terror will be added to public life if the name of this or that public man is to be made the subject of unauthorised contradictions. The King could have been asked whether he wished this or that item of gossip to be publicly repudiated. But his self-constituted defenders, whose action was certain to propagate the very stories they set out to disown, were not likely to take this discreet course, for they must have known that the King would impose on all such inquirers a silence which he himself, and everybody closely connected with his Court, has religiously observed.

#### *The Season.*

What constitutes "the Season"? The question is nearly as difficult to answer as the companion one: What constitutes Society? Disraeli sought to solve the latter problem in three



THE PREMIER'S ELDER DAUGHTER:  
MISS VIOLET ASQUITH.

Miss Violet Asquith, the Prime Minister's elder daughter, the only one of his first family, is seriously devoting herself to philanthropic work. It will be recalled that her fiancé, the late Hon. Archie Gordon, third son of Lord Aberdeen, was killed in a motor accident last year.—[Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]

killed the current season, and yet town was never more full than it is at this moment, and the clubs and restaurants have never known a better normal year. People, flocking to town because they felt sure no one else was there, have found themselves refused at door after door of the great hotels. Town houses, too, have been in brisk demand. True, the town has been painted black; but as the majority of women never look so well as when dressed in mourning, nobody should report of a dismal year on that account.



MOTHER OF THE LATE HON. C. S.  
ROLLS: LADY LLANGATTOCK.

Lady Llangattock, for whom deep sympathy is felt, is one of the Macleans of Morvern, and inherits their Spartan spirit. Though her son's flights caused her great anxiety, she was always sympathetic, and keenly proud of him.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

MARRIED YESTERDAY (THE 19TH):  
MRS. ERNEST DRESDEN, FORMERLY  
MISS MAUD COLERIDGE, THE  
WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

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MARRIED ON MONDAY: MRS. H. R.  
PIGEON, FORMERLY MISS MINNIE  
MELVILLE.

Mrs. Pigeon is the daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Melville, London. Mr. Henry Richard Pigeon is the eldest son of Mrs. Pigeon, of Lewes Crescent, Brighton.

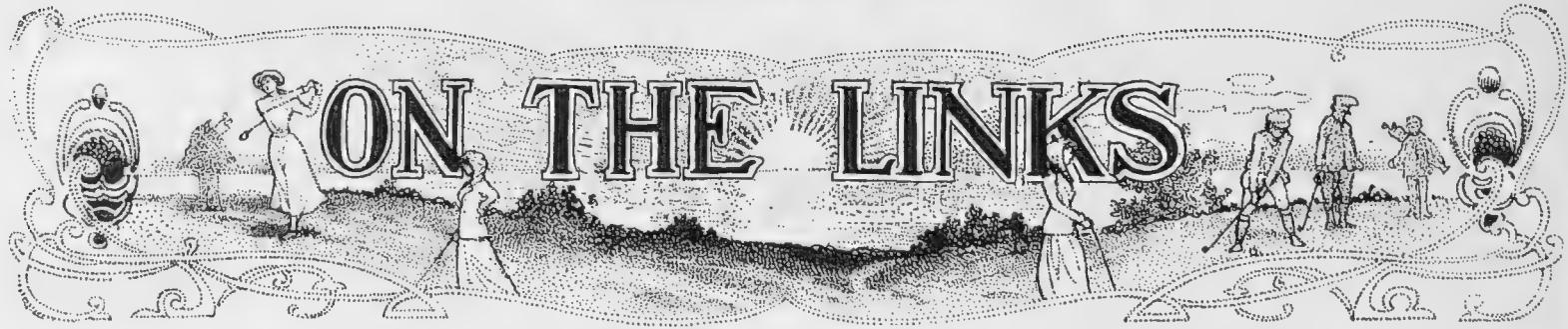
*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



A LEADING LIBERAL HOSTESS:  
LADY ASHBY ST. LEDGERS,  
FORMERLY THE HON. MRS. IVOR  
GUEST.

Lady Ashby St. Ledgers is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury. Belonging to the Grosvenor family, in which are several distinct Peers—Westminster, Stalbridge, and Ebury—she married the eldest son of Lord Wimborne, the Hon. Ivor Guest, who has been made a Peer in his father's lifetime.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



By HENRY LEACH.

**The Blasé Golfer.**

There are some golfers, most discontented fellows, who do get tired of everything, even that which is the very best. In the summer time they may tell you that the game is spoiled because the rubber ball runs too far on the hard turf when it is driven well. These people are tired of happiness, that is all; and the other day I was walking in from the eighteenth green to the club house with a man of this kind, and one who had slight American tendencies in his speech, so that he remarked to me that John Keats wrote poetry and sense better than he knew how when he said, in his pretty lines on Fancy, that

and original kind of time, and to lead a very healthy and simple sort of golfing life for the space of three or four weeks—some such life, they thought, as the sturdy pioneers of the game might have liked for their annual vacations, if they had any. There were to be three caravans, and they were intending to start at Aldeburgh or Felixstowe, or some nice place like that on the near East Coast, and go upwards: I suggested that it would be a splendid opportunity for conducting a travelling mission, and that they might preach in the evenings to the golfing natives of the parts they visited on the evils of freak clubs and the real meaning of the rules, but was told I did not take these matters with enough seriousness.

MR. H. FORBES WHITE  
(SOLICITOR).MR. LIONEL WEBSTER  
(SOLICITOR).MR. C. J. PARTON  
(BARRISTER).MR. V. C. LONGSTAFFE  
(SOLICITOR).SIR THOMAS PARKYN  
(BARRISTER).MR. G. P. LANGTON  
(BARRISTER).**THE LAW ON THE LINKS: PLAYERS IN THE ANNUAL GOLF MATCH—THE BAR v. SOLICITORS.**

The annual golf match between the Bar and London Solicitors took place at Woking a few days ago. The contest consisted of two rounds of foursomes, and the rhetorical branch of the legal profession gained an easy victory of seven games to one over the solicitors.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]

"everything is spoilt by use," and quoted the cases of the cheek that faded when too much gazed at, the maid whose newness of lip decreased, whose blueness of eye began to weary, whose soft voice tired the listener, and so forth. This was a carefully arranged preliminary to an amazing statement made just about the time when we were telling our caddies to hang about in case we wanted them for a third round—that he was sick of going for golfing holidays in all the recognised ways, even the best of them. This might seem to be a most unreasonable and abnormal case; but the man was one of great experience. He had tried everything, and most things two or three times, and he urged that the sameness of things was beginning to oppress him. There are some people who will go year after year for three or four decades to the same little place at Slocum-on-Sea, where there is a nine-hole course of a sort, six of the holes being one-shotters, and the geese being allowed to waddle on the home putting-green, and these people like that holiday better than anything else that the whole world of golf in its richness and variety can afford them.

**Golf by Caravan.** I was able to tell this man, who wanted a new idea, that only the day before, I had been discussing with a friend a novel scheme which he and certain three others were about to put into practice. They were going on a golfing tour by caravan. I was given to understand that they, or some of them, had tried the same thing last year, but that something had gone wrong with the caravan arrangements. All their plans this time, however, were in perfect order, and they anticipated having a good

Really, it is a great idea. Again, I know for certain that last season a scheme was started for the holding of a golfers' holiday camp, and I do believe that before very long such a thing will come to pass, strange as may seem to be the fancy. The men who first thought about it urged in extenuation of themselves that a little while since, when a competitive event of some importance was being held at a place in South Wales, the hotel accommodation ran short, and the players for whom there was none forthwith went into camp—and liked it. They say now that a big golfers' camp, which

would be a sort of golfers' Bisley, with competitions of all kinds going on all the time, would be a great and growing success as an annual event, and I am rather inclined, on full consideration, to acquiesce.

**Back to Simplicity.** Again, I know of a novel idea that a party of four carried into execution three seasons back, and intend to improve upon at an early opportunity. They professed to be weary of golf on perfect courses, and wanted something rude and rough. So they found a lonely country place where there was a craggy moorland, fixed themselves up at a farmhouse there, arranged for some temporary golfing rights, and laid out for themselves a rough-hewn six-hole course, which, when finished at the end of three days' labour, they contemplated with enormous satisfaction, despite that niblicks seemed the most suitable clubs for general use through the green. At the end of their period they played for the championship of the course, and then it was dismantled and deserted. Anyhow, it is to be seen that the golfer who would be unconventional need never despair.



A GOLFER'S PARADISE IN THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS: THE LONG VALLEY AT ROSAPENNA.

In the Donegal Highlands golf, as well as salmon and trout fishing, may be enjoyed under ideal conditions. The links at Rosapenna are about twenty hours' journey from London. The station for Rosapenna is Creeslough, on the Lough Swilly Railway. Passengers who leave St. Pancras at 6 p.m. by the Heysham Boat Express arrive at Heysham for the 11.45 boat, and reach Belfast at 6 a.m. the next morning. They may then take the 8 a.m. train for Londonderry, arriving at 11, and the 11.40 from Londonderry, arriving at Creeslough at 2.15.—[Photograph by R. Welch.]

porary golfing rights, and laid out for themselves a rough-hewn six-hole course, which, when finished at the end of three days' labour, they contemplated with enormous satisfaction, despite that niblicks seemed the most suitable clubs for general use through the green. At the end of their period they played for the championship of the course, and then it was dismantled and deserted. Anyhow, it is to be seen that the golfer who would be unconventional need never despair.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## A Sad Loss to Automobilism and Aviation.

meeting. A cyclist who did well for his University on the high bicycle, getting his half-blue, it was but natural that motoring, in the earliest moment of its renascence in this country, should cast its glamour over him. Rolls actually drove a car in England before the idiotic legal embargo was removed, and thereafter, upon coming down from Cambridge, threw himself heart and soul into the propaganda movement, which dates from 1894. He was first a member of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association, fathered so earnestly by Sir David Salomons, Bt., and upon the amalgamation of that body with the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland—now the R.A.C.—did yeoman service for the cause in the old strenuous days. From automobilism to aviation is but a step, and, keen as Rolls was in all matters of propulsion, it is not to be wondered at that he took up flying, and quickly assumed a leading position among the aviators of to-day. His loss is, and will be, keenly felt by all his fellow-members of the R.A.C. and the Royal Aero Club.

**Rheims.** Rheims must still be regarded as being the leading aviation meeting of the year, although the opening day, and indeed the whole of the meeting, was saddened by the death of poor Wächter. Much of the flying was marred by the rough weather, particularly that of the fourth day, when President Fallières paid his official visit. The fifth day was the most fruitful in startling events. Jan Oleislagers, on a Gnoine Blériot, made a world's distance record, doing 159 miles 666 yards in 3 hours 39 min. 29 sec., and beating Farman's record, with which he won the Michelin Trophy last year. Latham out-sensationalised everything by rising with his Antoinette to a height of 4485 feet, and beating Paulhan's Los Angeles record by 400 feet. Latham, in doing this, lost himself in the clouds, and appeared over Rheims itself. Morane, on a Blériot, rose to a height of 3600 feet, and from that altitude almost petrified the spectators by a perfectly straight volplane, at a blood-curdling angle. Le Blanc made a record for speed, doing three miles in 3 min. 10 2/5 sec.

**Bournemouth.** Up to the moment of writing Bournemouth has been blessed with fine weather, though marred on the second day by the lamentable accident to poor Rolls. On Monday, Grahame-White achieved a distance record for this country

Both automobilism and aviation have sustained an irreparable loss in the sad and shockingly sudden fate which overtook poor "Charlie" Rolls on Tuesday of last week at the Bournemouth

by flying 90 miles 989 yards in 2 hours 34 min. 56 sec., which he could have improved to an unknown extent but for the expiry of the time-limit for the day. In the interest of the repute of British aviation it is a pity that the rule could not have been waived, and

Grahame-White allowed to finish at will. Drexel, on a Blériot monoplane, made a British record for altitude, reaching the very respectable height of 2490 feet.

## Flying Meetings Galore.

Notwithstanding the late fatal accidents at home and abroad, the public appetite for aviation appears to grow by what it feeds upon, or should it be said that promoters still see visions of profit in the engineering of flying meetings? Blackpool, undiscouraged, has provisional dates, 20th to 23rd inst. There is a probable Lancashire meeting, July 28 to Aug. 3; Lanark, with a prize fund of £12,000, is fixed for Aug. 6 to 13. The latter meeting, given decent weather, should prove a success, for the aviation-ground, as selected, has been pronounced to be as near perfection as may be, and the most elaborate arrangements are being made for spectators, to say nothing of the establishment of a special railway station by the Caledonian Railway Company. Then there are provisional dates set down in August for meetings at Southend and Cardiff.

## Michelin's Swiss Guide.

Although Switzerland is not oversub to motorists—indeed, would appear to be desirous of discouraging motor-touring in the land of William Tell as much as possible—the Michelin Tyre Company have nevertheless devoted a Guide to the land whence the tinned milk comes. The Swiss Guide is remarkable for the careful compilation and minute attention

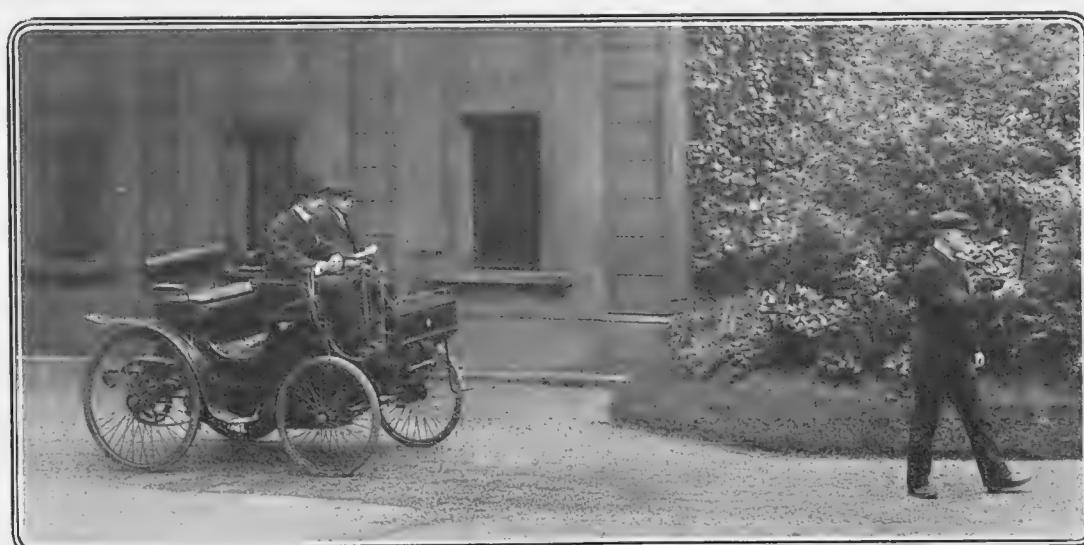
to detail which distinguishes the French volume; it is, moreover, written both in English and in French, and contains sixteen town-plans, nine special maps, a key-chart, and eleven maps of the whole country in sections. The character of a road—be it main, secondary, or mountainous—is seen at a glance; also, where thereon the 10-kilomètre speed-limit is in force, or whether the road is closed entirely to motor traffic. A valuable section is that devoted to the matters of taxes, litigation, customs, names, addresses, and class of hotels, with their charges, garages, and petrol depôts.

This book, ab-



A WAXWORK THAT HAS ACQUIRED A TRAGIC INTEREST SINCE IT WAS MADE: THE MODEL OF THE LATE HON. C. S. ROLLS AND HIS AEROPLANE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. The model of Mr. Rolls, which was placed in the gallery of celebrities at Madame Tussaud's in honour of his great cross-Channel flight, has, unfortunately, acquired a tragic interest which the proprietors of the exhibition scarcely anticipated. The aeroplane in which he crossed the Channel and back was the same as that in which he met his death, though it had just had a new tail-piece attached before the fatal flight at Bournemouth.—[Photograph by the Record Press.]

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FOUR-MILES-AN-HOUR SPEED-LIMIT AND A FLAG-BEARER TO WALK IN FRONT: AN INTERESTING RELIC OF MR. ROLLS' EARLY MOTORING DAYS.

Mr. Rolls possessed a motor—a 3½-h.p. Peugeot—long before the "Act of Emancipation," which removed the four-miles-an-hour speed-limit and the regulation that every car was to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. One of his most treasured relics was a framed summons for having broken the law in regard to the red-flag rule. Mr. Rolls was the third person in this country to own a motor-car.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

solutely necessary to the Swiss motor-tourist, is obtainable from the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., Sussex Place, South Kensington, S.W., or from "Michelin Guide," 105, Boulevard Pereire, Paris.

[Continued on a later page.]

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

**Goodwood.** I do hope the Duke of Richmond will prevail on the Jockey Club to allow him to run nursery handicaps at future Goodwood meetings. This is the one thing wanting to ensure the complete success of the meeting. The going is always so good on the ducal course that owners would not hesitate to start their young horses; and surely the two-year-old handicaps might just as well be started in August as in September, as young horses are fully matured, and are, generally speaking, thoroughly fit to race by the time the Bank Holiday month has been reached. The meeting to take place next week promises well, and the Stewards' Cup, the Goodwood Plate, the Goodwood Cup, and Chesterfield Cup are items to think about. The two-year-old racing will, as usual, show us some of the most valuable young horses in training, while the selling events are certain to yield well. I suppose now that a new cheap stand has been built, those in authority will see to it that a band is stationed on the lower end of the lawn. If they don't, they ought to; and I hope permission will be given for race-cards to be on sale at all the neighbouring railway stations early on the mornings of each race-day. Travellers by train like to while away the time by studying the card, and there is no feasible reason why they should not be given the opportunity of doing so. If I had my way—and I hope to see the day when it will be accomplished—all the runners for the day should be printed on the card, and this might easily be done by compelling owners to declare runners overnight. It is little details like these that will help the sport of kings to continue to be popular, and all interested should join in an attempt to do everything possible to cater properly for the paying public.

**Fat Horses.** We have seen more unfit horses running this year than ever, and it is a matter for congratulation that the handicappers are alive to the form displayed by the majority of them; but there have been one or two displays which were matters of comment. In a certain race not many days back the winner's price was returned at an extreme outside figure, and

by-the-bye—in a small race, and the return against the animal named was 100 to 8 against. True, the horse finished in the ruck, but he was highly fancied nevertheless. The money was all put on away from the course. I should say the pioneer of big starting-price coups was the late Mr. James "Rosebery" Smith, whose death has just been announced. He won tremendous sums over Goldseeker and Tyrant, and that, too, without cramping the price on the course to the extent of a single point. Of course his winnings over Rosebery, who captured the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, were gained in the open market; but the other two horses were always backed at "S.P." Yet the best judges often get deceived, and when Goldseeker won the City and Suburban the people interested in the horse had not a single penny on him, as they thought he was not quite fit. But Tom Cannon junior, who had the mount, jumped off in front of his field, made every inch of the running, and won in a common trot.

**Wanted—** I have received some hundreds of remarkable letters in my time, but I think the following is the most remarkable of the bunch. It reads—

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty in writing to you for a favour. I am a small starting-price man in the street; have been standing up for over two years, and up to now have had a clean and honest record. This last month has broke me. What with my man being taken by the police, and bad luck, I am broke. This is the reason why I am appealing to you for a little loan of £30, of which I can find securities. I can furnish the highest of references from people of good repute. Sir, do not be offended by this letter. I am doing this as my last hope. If you can assist me, you will be doing me a very great kindness, of which I should feel very grateful.—Waiting your kind reply, yours respectfully, etc.

P.S.—I may say I have pledged nearly all my things to pay my clients out. I was to get married this coming Christmas; my young lady is broken-hearted over my misfortune. Will you try and assist me in some way?

I could quite understand a poor backer appealing to me for help, but a bookmaker, never! Once the first cousin of a deceased Premier had been recommended to ask me to show him how to turn £100 into several thousands. It was, as a matter of fact, the late Sir Robert Peel who did the recommending,



THE LATE KING'S HORSES IN THE NEWMARKET BLOODSTOCK SALES: PERRIER, SOLD FOR 2000 GUINEAS.

Perrier is the son of Persimmon (which won the Derby in 1896 for King Edward, as Prince of Wales) and Amphora, the latter being sister to Sundridge. A reserve of 2000 guineas was announced on Perrier, and it seemed at first that no one would offer it. Eventually Mr. Ernest Tanner secured the horse at that price without opposition.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE LATE KING'S HORSES IN THE RECENT SALES OF BLOODSTOCK AT NEWMARKET: SLIM LAD (ON THE LEFT) AND BORDER PRINCE (ON THE RIGHT). Slim Lad, son of St. Simon, was the first of the royal draft to be put up, and the bidding was brisk. He was started at 500 guineas, and the price went up by tens to 630 guineas, at which sum Mr. Ernest Tanner bought him. A French owner wanted him, but had fixed 600 guineas as the limit. It is thought that Slim Lad will now go to the Argentine. Border Prince, by Persimmon out of White Lilac, fell to Mr. Jonathan Riste for 460 guineas.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

yet, if report speaks truly, he was the medium of one of the biggest starting-price coups of the year, and the stay-at-home bookmakers are not likely to forget the fact for many a long day. It is marvellous how the money can be got on nowadays without affecting the market on the course. I know a case where an owner not so long ago had one thousand pounds on a two-year-old—his own horse,

but I did not answer the letter. Another time a lady sent me £15 in notes to get her holiday money, but she forgot to enclose her address, and it gave me no end of trouble in trying to return those notes intact, which I did do in time.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Man, Woman, and the Pageant.** The spirited and martial Army Pageant proved once for all that men are quite as fond as women of dressing-up and make-believe. We used to think that the Briton was somewhat shy of travesty, that he would be awkward and ill at ease on the greensward in full daylight, attired as a Roman Centurion or as a mythical Celtic sovereign. Not at all. The men not only largely outnumber the women who appear in these historical pageants, but they exhibit a glee, a joy in the performance which can only be matched in the Boy Scout. In the "wings" at these monster shows there is a great deal of human nature, and you can see at a glance that the masculine performers are every whit as pleased with themselves—to say the least of it—as their feminine co-actors. The fact is that the ladies, who are more used to dressing up and altering their appearance, go through the trying performance with more aplomb, but with less enthusiasm and naïve enjoyment. The Pageant, if persevered with, may change our insular character in a surprising manner.

**Irish and English Women.** Irishwomen have a European reputation for being accomplished, although perfectly innocent, coquettes; but what the man in the street does not know about them is that, in their own country at any rate, they are easily "top dog" in the domestic arena. This, at any rate, one gathers from the modern Irish drama and even the modern Irish novel. They possess, indeed, an amazing eloquence, and, like the American politician, extraordinary powers of invective. The women in the modern Irish drama, even the loveliest young girls, are no more reticent in picturesque abuse than the men. It is true their flattery, which they employ lavishly, is not only honey-sweet, but has that touch of imagination which endears; yet the most emotional utterances do not prevent the same girl using scathing invective to her lover when she finds he is not all she had imagined. These Irishwomen not only "stand up to" their masculine contemporaries, but they will criticise a man's personal appearance to his face with a cruelty which would seem to be instinctive, since we see it also in children and primitive peoples. It is impossible to imagine an Englishwoman using such expressions, yet this very richness of vituperation gives promise of an alert personality, of acute observation, and of a degree of imagination which the Saxon does not possess. In literature, at any rate, these colleens can be amazingly dignified, and will not only "manage" their men-folk dexterously, but will never hesitate to call them to account. However she may flatter him, the Irishwoman maintains a personal delicacy, an aloofness,

a fastidiousness which the English of the lower classes cannot approach. The secret perhaps lies in the fact that she does not envisage her Mike or Shawn with any preconceived ideas as to his superiority to herself; on the contrary, she not only can, and does, play the rôle of adviser and critic, but regards her menkind with the eternal indulgence which is secreted in the heart of a Mother.

**The Coming and the Going.** What an irresistible attraction the theatre holds for us—even the most sophisticated of us—can be gauged to a nicety by standing in the lobby of any fashionable playhouse and watching the theatre-goers step out of their motors and cabs and hurry up the steps. There is in almost every face an expression of exhilaration, of pleased expectancy, an air of being out for a kind of intellectual "lark." Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and, often as we have been disappointed in our expectations of a play, dejected by the acting, and bored by the sentimentality of our conventional English play (which is usually, I hasten to add, translated and adapted from the French), we can none of us, except the hardened and weary dramatic critic, enter a theatre without at least the expectation of being amused. Looking from your vantage-point behind the glass doors, you can see the wreathed smiles on the lips of the elaborately coiffured ladies, the air of joviality on the faces of their attendant menkind, as they overtip the chauffeur and follow Beauty into the playhouse. But there is no expression of beatification (or very rarely) on the physiognomy of the boxes and stalls as they come out again. The pit, I think, though highly critical, usually enjoys itself; the dress-circle has no perceptive or selective faculties, believes what the newspapers say, and does not offer an opinion; while the gallery, being composed chiefly of young lovers, has other reasons than æsthetic ones for enjoying its evening. But about the boxes and stalls there is often weariness and disillusionment, a state of mind which can only be mitigated by "going on" to supper.

Copyright.

A CHARMING SUMMER COSTUME IN SPOTTED FOULARD, NINON, AND CHIFFON, WITH LACINGS OF WHITE CORD, AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

**Farewell Parties.** There is something a little pathetic—a note of anxiety—about the last parties of the London season, for many good-byes are said lightly and jestingly which have to last for a long time. This note of concealed emotion is, of course, chiefly to be observed among the young people: their elders regard going out of town for two or three months with equanimity, and have seldom a madness of farewells to take. To the onlooker the last parties are pregnant with silent drama, are sometimes, indeed, a little pantomime of youthful despair.





## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Sunless Summer.

Our months of mourning have been very sincere, and the weather has joined in them. Grey day after grey day has descended upon us,

with the result that we have taken our pleasures sadly. There has been a shadow over all our doings, nor will it be lifted until we return after an invigorating and inspiring autumn.

I cannot see much hope for Goodwood or Cowes being brilliant. Black has become a habit with our women; even at the sales the black things went first, while next more ready sales were white, black and white, and purple. In October, Court mourning changes; then, and not until then, will London society begin to wear colours.

### An Olfactory Factory.

The making of scents is quite as difficult an undertaking as the making of music, and into it enters much that is an art. When the perfumers are of the very first order, as in the case of

J. Grossmith and

THE TROPHY FOR THE PREMIO PUEYREDON: A STATUETTE MADE FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB OF BUENOS AIRES.

This handsome silver statuette is one of a series of racing trophies just made for the Jockey Club of Buenos Aires, which has held a race meeting in connection with the Centenary of the Argentine Republic. The Premio Pueyredon is one of the principal races. The trophies were designed and made by Messrs. Elkington and Co.

Son, Newgate Street, E.C., everything to embody their talent into the finest perfumes in the world has also been done. A new building for the firm has just been opened. Everything is up to momentary date and of the best procurable. The perfumes are distilled on the other premises, as before, and run through aerial tubes to the laboratory on the fifth floor of the new building, in which is the very newest and best machinery for their manipulation. Everything is done with perfect system in this most modern factory; each floor its has own department, and the workpeople have ideal conditions.

The Age That is Beauty.

Whatever else we may like mellowed by age, we undoubtedly do furniture. At Bartholomew and Fletcher's, 217-218, Tottenham Court Road,

one can purchase either genuine antiques or exceptionally fine reproductions of them. The firm has made a special study of periods and of the best things in each. Their reproductions are remarkably fine, and what is the most astonishing thing is that their prices are not fancy. The business is run on the excellent principle of good value for money, and of perfectly honest, straightforward prices. The collector is sure of his ground at Bartholomew and Fletcher's, and the amateur can go to no better house to acquire knowledge and to be sure of getting exactly what is required at fair cost.

Wright's Right. There is no righter thing than Wright's Coal Tar soap; we have all known that for many a year. It is pure and good, and fresh and efficient, and is capital for the skin. The firm have issued a little booklet which little people will love, called "Studies in Black and White," by Louis Wain, in which a series of verses on sports and pastimes are illustrated by humorous cat pictures. There is a series of postcards, too, called "The Story



THE IRON WALLS OF MODERN ENGLAND: A POPULAR REPRODUCTION OF MR. W. L. WYLLIE'S PICTURE, "THE SECOND CRUISER SQUADRON IN THE NORTH SEA."

This fine picture, by the famous marine painter, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A., of some of those iron walls which have replaced "the wooden walls of old England," was exhibited in last year's Academy. It has now been reproduced in colour by the proprietors of Player's Navy Cut, and copies may be obtained, at a shilling each, through any tobacconist, or from Messrs. John Player and Sons' Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd., Nottingham.

of Wan-Tang-Fee, and the Little Chinee," which are presented by the proprietors of this best-of-all possible soaps to all readers of *The Sketch* who send one penny for postage to 48, Southwark Street, S.E.

### Seizing an Opportunity.

Now is the time to buy charming costumes. Of these there is infinite variety at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, being sacrificed at wonderfully low prices. This firm, as we all know, secure the best and the greatest number of models from Paris of any big firm. Also they originate and copy beautiful dresses. On "Women's Way's" page, a drawing will be found of one of these in spotted foulard, ninon, and chiffon. The ninon tunic is gathered into a deep band of spotted foulard, and is laced down one side with white cord. The belt is of patent-leather, and the undersleeves are of tucked lace. The bodice is also laced with white cord, the effect being very smart. This costume, in many of the prettiest shades, was originally eight and a-half guineas. It is being sold now for five pounds, and is a fair sample of many bargains to be obtained.

Richard Lipp and Son, of 56, Berners Street, W., have recently supplied a Lipp "Minimgrand" for the R.M.S. *Eskimo*, which adds much to the charm and attraction of the vessel.

Buxton is not only the premier watering-place of England, but it also possesses a reputation that has come unimpaired through centuries. Seventy treatments are administered in its wonderful bathing establishments, which have no fewer than three hundred rooms for patients. But, more than that, Buxton is at the same time a garden town, nestling in a wide, open valley, protected from the winds, with green open spaces and flowers on every hand, and trees shading every road. Magnificent public buildings occupy the vale, where the most radio-

active hot springs of the world rise, and well-built stone houses and luxurious cure-hotels cluster on the verdant slopes. The promenade is a fine sight, the public gardens are wonderful, and, in addition, there is for everybody a continuous round of amusements and gaieties.



"SILENT SORROW": KING EDWARD'S FAVOURITE TERRIER, CAESAR, MOURNING HIS MASTER.

The original of this pathetic picture was specially painted by Miss Maud Earl, the well-known animal painter, for the "Illustrated London News." It has now been issued as a photogravure, and copies may be obtained from the Photogravure Department of that paper (172, Strand, W.C.) at 5s. each, or, on India paper, at 10s. 6d. The size of the plate is 27 in. by 21 in., and that of the India proofs 34 by 24 inches.

*From the beautiful painting by Miss Maud Earl.*

"London Japanned" is an excellent sixpennyworth, on the lines of "Wisdom While You Wait" and kindred literary eccentricities, for those who want a good laugh. It is a really amusing skit on London and Londoners, and everyday life at the present moment seen through Japanese spectacles—as it might be written by an observant and waggish Japanese from Shepherd's Bush, or, indeed, any humorously minded native of the Land of the Rising Sun spending a summer holiday in sightseeing about London. The author is Mr. Hill Rowan, and the book is profusely and entertainingly illustrated in what purports to be a Japanese or Far Eastern style of drawing by Mr. C. Harrison.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 26.*

## MONEY.

THERE is really nothing to prevent the Bank Rate going down to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., except the American position and the desire of the Bank of England to get the best price it can for its money. The Americans have pawned a good deal of stock in London, and they show a craving for gold; natural enough in October, but unnatural in July. The market has more money than it knows how to employ. Good Bills are scarce, and the Treasuries are all falling due. As Banks live upon Treasuries, they will be at their wits' end to know how to employ their spare funds. The Rubber boom did not make any serious demands upon the market, for very few people would lend upon Rubbers, or will to-day, in spite of the big dividends. Trade is not brisk enough to require much accommodation. Amsterdam has been gambling, and is short of cash; but Paris has more than enough, and Berlin is at the moment well supplied. How long, however, this will last only the Americans can say. On the whole, it seems as though we were in for a long spell of cheap money.

## RUSSIANS.

London does not take a great interest in Foreigners, and Russians, although they have risen two points or more in a little over a year, are still unpopular as an investment. English people will wait until Russian Fours are quoted over par; they will then begin to find out what an excellent security the Government of the Tsar offers. The harvest will probably exceed that of last year. This not only benefits the whole country, but it specially benefits the Railways, and through them the Government. Russia has begun a period of prosperity, and those who buy now will make money.

## HOME RAILS.

Although all the English Railways have risen almost half-a-dozen points during the past quarter, they still remain the soundest purchase in the Stock Exchange. If we get a continuance of the present low Bank Rate, and nothing is more likely, all the stocks will advance. The yield to-day upon most of the best Railways is about 4 per cent. This yield will probably be increased by at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. within a few weeks. Again, we must not forget that the price is fat with dividend. Great Westerns have expended large sums upon the new line to Birmingham. It will be shortly getting a return on this capital. North Easterns have had a splendid half-year, and the price has not responded. Even "Brums," the dullard of the class, have done well, and have cut down expenses. Great Eastern is ridiculously low, considering the average price of the last two years. Great Central will earn enough to make its '89 and '91 Preference dividend. Midland have had a good rise, but might go higher. Hull and Barnsley are beloved of the gambler, but they have earned almost as much as will pay an additional 2 per cent. Dover A and Little Chats are, of course, gambles, but both lines have done well.

## RUBBER.

Both Rutherford and Lampard are much distressed at the high price of rubber. They think that it would be for the permanent good of the industry if it fell to 7s. 6d. a pound. But does the shareholder greedy for dividends agree? Fine Hard Cured Para at 7s. 6d. would mean an average price for the Malay Companies of, say, 5s. 6d. to 6s. All managers are not as clever as Pears in putting first-class rubber on the market. Many of the Companies have a big average of scrap and "tacky" rubber in their shipments. All have not been as astonishingly clever as the Straits Bertam, who officially declare that they have sold two tons a month for the year 1911 at 11s. per lb. But, in spite of this remarkable contract, speculators should not buy the shares. They are, indeed, too high to-day. Mincing Lane would like to know how the next Amazon crop is to be financed—forty millions sterling is a great deal of money to find in six months. If the American boomsters collapse through lack of financial support, the big dealers will turn bears and break the market. But the general opinion is that rates will hold for the present year, at any rate. In which case, those who buy Selangors or Patalings will get  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on their outlay, and 10 per cent. on Bukit Rajah, Batu Caves, Linggis, Anglo-Malay, and Vallambrosa, and perhaps Highlands. In Rubber more than anything else, the rule "Buy the best" applies. Hundreds of Companies have been floated in which the soil may be unsuitable, the management inefficient, the labour-supply poor. Never take any notice of the tree census. Fifty good trees to an acre will produce more rubber than two hundred poor ones, and 20 per cent. more than three hundred. Don't go outside the Malay States. Don't touch highly capitalised Companies. Those who stick to these rules will not go wrong in Rubber. Remember that cheap is nasty nine times out of ten.

## OIL.

Amsterdam has been doing its best to keep up its speculations in Rubber and Oil, and has failed. Royal Dutch are even now too

high in price, and Shells are also overvalued. The Dutch have made money out of Oil; but they are bad gamblers, and when they are fed up with Oil shares, wise people keep away from the market. The Spies output goes on increasing, but the price of oil sticks, and Spies will have some trouble to keep the dividend up. The dealers do not seem inclined to put any Maikop shares upon their books, and as the promoters made most of the companies for the purpose of selling as quick as possible, we have arrived at a deadlock. All oil shares ought to be sold. Do not listen to the nonsense talked about oil-fuel. The world requires four times its present supply to keep pace with the steamship demand. Navies will not use oil-fuel in our day. The contract with the Scotch companies was for experimental purposes only. As for Railways, not even Baku can keep the Russian railways supplied, and only the engines on the Southern lines use oil-fuel. In Mexico, as Sir Weetman Pearson knows to his cost, there is not enough oil to go round, and the engines that were converted to oil have had to be reconverted to coal.

## YANKEES.

Early last week the big banking firms who have corresponding houses in the States volunteered the information that the crop reports were exaggerated, and that the general tone was bullish. As all sane people rely upon their bankers in a manipulated market like that of Yankees, a good deal of buying took place. It seems possible that the great houses have at last come to an agreement over the Harriman stocks. It does not suit any of the bankers to let prices slump too low. They are already full up to the neck, and they are much more anxious to unload than to buy more stocks. After all, Unions and Pennsylvanias, Milwaukees and New York Centrals are good, sound, dividend-paying shares, and even Atchisons must be considered an established security to-day. The cheapest way of getting into Unions is to buy the Convertible Bonds, which can be turned into Common Stock at 175. You get a sound 4 per Cent. Bond, and when Unions soar again, as they will do one day, you can convert and take your profit. Very much the same sort of Bond can be bought from the Atchison people, only here you have the right to convert at par. On the whole, the Yankee Market seems to have turned round. There are gambles to be had in Rocks and Missouri, Kansas and Texas, which are now under Hawley's management; and, as Hawley is one of Kuhn Loeb's pets, he should be worth following. He has big ideas, is a real railway man, and will one day take the place of the late lamented Harriman.

## CANADIAN PACIFICS AND GRAND TRUNKS.

Berlin was so infatuated with Can. Pacs. that all the world thought they must be good to buy, for Berlin seldom goes wrong over her Wall Street tips, coming as they do through the Dresdner and Deutsche Banks. But all the world and Berlin went wrong. Now we hear weird stories about the failure of the wheat crop in many parts of the Dominion. The official news is not so bad as the private wires, but it seems certain that the wheat will disappoint us unless the weather changes. In view of the bad news it is useless to expect any rise in Grand Trunks, but Can. Pacs. are a different matter, and may easily go back to 200.

## KAFFIRS.

The Kaffir Market flattered us with false hopes. Last week we all thought it would make a move, but it fell asleep again, and now shows no signs of awakening. Yet there are a few decent bargains to be picked up. When Nourse mines get the big mill at work costs will come down, and the dividend should go up. Village Deep is another cheap spec., and Van Ryn and Rietfontein are both worth watching. The magnates do not seem anxious to twist up prices, and until they make a concerted move the public will stay outside. Yet those who want 10 per cent. on their money, and like mines, can get it to-day in the Kaffir Market, and get it without much risk.

## RHODESIANS.

Charteredds, at about thirty shillings, do not appear dear, but unless some of the big dealers take them in hand a rise does not seem possible. Abe Bailey does not make any move, and the other Rhodesian demi-gods also sleep. In a month's time they will be on their Scotch moors, and then the market must wait till the last grouse has been driven and the last stag killed. But Bob Williams is not asleep, and he writes a furious letter saying that he never said that Tanks were worth £50 a share, only £20. As they are under six to-day, he is quite wise in warning the public not to be misled by enthusiastic boomsters. The comedy as played in the *Financial News* was both witty and naïve. But if Tanks are worth £20, what price Zams? They are surely the better buy at 30s.

## EGYPT.

Poor Egypt! She is indeed in the depths of despair. But I think we shall see an improvement in the autumn. We might get a boom if it were seen that Sir Eldon Gorst would not return. He is not popular. The result of trying to please everybody has had the usual effect. He pleases nobody. Plainly he is not intended to rule an Oriental race, and the sooner Lord Cromer returns the better for the country. Lord Kitchener, who is spoken of, is frankly impossible. He has none of the arts that appeal to the Oriental. Cromer could

intrigue with the best, or worst, and beat them on their own ground. You cannot rule the Egyptian except by intrigue. Some of the land shares look cheap. Behera and Aboukir, National Bank, and perhaps Agricultural Bank, are moderately priced, but we do not yet know how the new manager will handle the question of arrears in the Agricultural Bank. Such things as Abdys are not promising, but Uniteds are a decent spec. for a long shot, especially as they are now under the protection of Sir Ernest Cassel. As for the rest of the land companies, they are best left alone, at least until we see what the crop will be. The Nile was good; that is something; but we must wait for October before we can make a guess at the Cotton crop.

Judging by our correspondence from week to week, we have no doubt that what the majority of our readers want is assistance in obtaining a fair rate of interest, coupled with as good security as is compatible with the return on capital. The following little trust was sent in answer to an urgent letter the other day, and we think it may be of use to others of our readers.

To invest £5000 to yield 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. with reasonable safety, divide among the following securities in approximately equal amounts—

- (1) Leopoldina Railway 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Cumulative Preference at 107.
- (2) Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. Bonds, guaranteed by the Government of Brazil, at 103.
- (3) United of Havana 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock at 105.
- (4) International Investment Trust 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Preference stock at 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ .
- (5) Army and Navy Investment Trust 5 per cent. Preference stock at 104.

The Leopoldina Railway has paid a dividend on its Ordinary Stock of £5,667,000 of not less than 3 per cent. since 1901, and it is inconceivable that the Preference should go short, especially as its dividend is cumulative. The Rio bonds are charged not only on the revenues of the capital of Brazil, but are guaranteed by the Government itself. The United of Havana is a Cumulative Preference stock, has £4,359,000 of Ordinary stock behind it receiving dividend, and amounts to only £770,000 in all. The two Investment Trusts pay good dividends on their Deferred capital. The revenues are all derived from investments, and do not fluctuate much, while the Preference rights are cumulative, and the shrinkage of income would have to be of a very abnormal character ever to place the Preference dividends even in temporary jeopardy. On the whole, we can see no chance of any portion of the income from the above investments being in danger of any partial suspension or reduction.

It is, of course, quite easy to get a higher return with reasonable safety; but so many correspondents desire to risk nothing that we think the above return should be sufficient for them. We will at an early date return to the subject with a view to placing a reasonably safe "trust" yielding from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. before our readers.

July 16, 1910.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

L. H. P.—The Rubber Company is one of the worst wild cats. If your broker can find a buyer, take what you can get, and be thankful it is no worse.

ETA.—See this week's Notes.

LEVER.—(1) The shares belong to what are called the Spurling Group of Canadian Companies, and are, we think, quite a fair investment. (2) Of the two we prefer the Pernambuco 5 per cent. Bonds, which we consider a good purchase at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

CRICKET.—(1) We only meant that we do not consider the Company equal to the best. It is a good concern, and will pay well. (2) Certainly hold.

X Y Z.—We have very little information, and would rather not advise. Our impression is against the Company being any good.

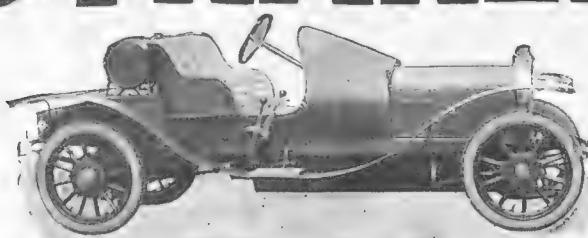
THE EASTERN PETROLEUM COMPANY, LTD.—Shares in all oil undertakings under influential control, and the properties of which are situated on recognised oil-bearing fields are gradually becoming as popular as those in successful rubber-producing companies. Among others is the Eastern Petroleum Company, whose shares now stand at about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  on a capitalisation of only £60,000. If only one half of what is said about the oilfields of Egypt be true, Eastern Petroleum shares must be cheap on intrinsic merits.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following may go close at Windsor: July Handicap, Accurate; Royal Plate, Sandeux; Athens Handicap, Stepney; Home Park Stakes, Icy Cup. At Liverpool, I like these: Mersey Stakes, Halley; Molyneux Stakes, Glenesky; St. George's Stakes, Lemberg; Great Lancashire Stakes, Nicola; Liverpool Cup, Duke Michael. At Hurst Park, Wrinkler should win the Foal Plate, and Torchbearer the Molesey Stakes. The Duchess of York Stakes may go to Lester Ash. For the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, I like The Tower.

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| PAGE  | PAGE | PAGE   |    |   |        |
|---|------|--|----|---|--------|
| Travelling de Luxe that is Hardly Luxurious | 33   | Miss Valerie Johnson                         | 42 | Miss Caroline Hatchard                        | 48     |
| Motley Notes                                | 34   | Our Wonderful World                          | 43 | "Feuersnot"                                   | 48     |
| This Little Pig went to—Bournemouth         | 35   | Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers              | 44 | Ladies Only                                   | 49     |
| The Camera as Recorder                      | 36   | Daughters of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel     | 44 | Profit and Loss                               | 50     |
| The Mystery of 39, Hilldrop Crescent        | 37   | Page   | 44 | "Black Despair, the Shadow of a Starless      | 51     |
| The Clubman                                 | 39   | Lady Cholmeley and Her Daughter Rosamond     | 44 | Night"  | 51     |
| Mr. Grahame White and Mrs. Bone             | 39   | The Hon. Lady Reid and Her Daughter Victoria | 44 | The Literary Lounger                          | 52     |
| Mr. Grahame White and Mrs. Astley           | 39   | Cavalieri and the Lucky Man                  | 45 | Japanese Wrestlers in Their Own Country       | 52     |
| Cuff Comments                               | 40   | The Stage from the Stalls                    | 46 | Patagonian Caves                              | 52     |
| The Passenger's View from an Aeroplane      | 41   | Miss Betty Rutherford and Mr. George Barrett | 46 | "Flush'd Ganymede"                            | 53     |
| Small Talk                                  | 42   | Miss Beatrice La Palme                       | 46 | A Novel in a Nutshell: "The Wine of Oblivion" | 54, 56 |
| Mrs. L. W. S. Rostron                       | 42   | Miss Cissie Loftus                           | 46 | Dinuzulu Before and After His Incarceration   | 55     |
| Mr. L. W. S. Rostron                        | 42   | Mr. Saintsbury, in "The Speckled Band"       | 47 | World's Whispers                              | 57     |
| The Rev. J. H. Hodgson                      | 42   | Keynotes                                     | 48 | Mrs. Ernest Dresden                           | 57     |
| Miss Edith Fison                            | 42   | Miss Edith Evans                             | 48 | Miss Violet Asquith                           | 57     |
| Miss Ismay Hamilton                         | 42   |  |    | Miss Minnie Melville                          | 57     |
| Mr. Douglas Mappin                          | 42   |  |    |   |        |
| Mr. G. C. Juler                             | 42   |  |    |   |        |

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CHEAP TICKETS to BRUSSELS (for the EXHIBITION), and to the CONTINENT will be issued from certain London Stations.

| DESTINATION.                      | VALID. | DAYS  |       |       | RETURN FARES. |       |       |    |
|-----------------------------------|--------|-------|-------|-------|---------------|-------|-------|----|
|                                   |        | 1 Cl. | 2 Cl. | 3 Cl. | s. d.         | s. d. | s. d. |    |
| BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne) |        | 14    | 52    | 3     | 36            | 2     | 24    | 7  |
| Do. (via Ostend)                  |        | 14    | 42    | 0     | 29            | 3     | 19    | 0  |
| PARIS (via Calais or Boulogne)    |        | 14    | 58    | 4     | 37            | 6     | 30    | 0  |
| BOULOGNE                          |        | 3     | 21    | 0     | —             | 12    | 6     |    |
| Do.                               |        | 8     | 30    | 0     | 25            | 0     | 17    | 10 |
| AMSTERDAM (via Flushing)          |        | 8     | 37    | 1     | 25            | 6     | —     |    |
| THE HAGUE (via Flushing)          |        | 8     | 32    | 10    | 22            | 5     | —     |    |
| CALAIS                            |        | 3     | 22    | 6     | —             | 14    | 0     |    |
| Do.                               |        | 8     | 31    | 6     | 26            | 6     | 20    | 6  |
| OSTEND (via Dover)                |        | 8     | 28    | 9     | 20            | 3     | 13    | 8  |
| LE TOUQUET (Paris Plage)          |        | 5     | 34    | 9     | 28            | 7     | 20    | 5  |

WEEK-END TICKETS, AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted), will be issued from LONDON and certain Suburban Stations to the undermentioned SEASIDE, &c., RESORTS on July 29, 30, and 31, available for return on July 31, August 1, 2, or 3.

| RETURN FARES. | RETURN FARES. |       |       | RETURN FARES. |       |       |
|---------------|---------------|-------|-------|---------------|-------|-------|
|               | 1 Cl.         | 2 Cl. | 3 Cl. | 1 Cl.         | 2 Cl. | 3 Cl. |
| s. d.         | s. d.         | s. d. | s. d. | s. d.         | s. d. | s. d. |
| BEXHILL       | 14            | 10    | 6     | 10            | 12    | 8     |
| BIRCHINGTON   | 16            | 12    | 8     | 10            | 12    | 8     |
| BROADSTAIRS   | 16            | 12    | 8     | 10            | 9     | 6     |
| CANTERBURY    | 14            | 10    | 6     | 14            | 12    | 8     |
| DEAL          | 18            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| DOVER         | 17            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| FOLKESTONE    | 17            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| HASTINGS      | 14            | 10    | 6     | 8             | 6     | 4     |
| HERNE BAY     | 14            | 10    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| HYTHE         | 17            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 8     |
| LITTLESTONE   | 16            | 12    | 6     | 10            | 12    | 7     |
| MARGATE       | 16            | 12    | 8     | 10            | 12    | 8     |
| RAMSIGATE     | 10            | 12    | 8     | 10            | 12    | 8     |
| RYE           | 16            | 12    | 8     | 10            | 12    | 8     |
| ST. LEONARDS  | 14            | 10    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 8     |
| SANDGATE      | 17            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| SANDWICH      | 18            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| TUN. WELLS    | 8             | 6     | 5     | 6             | 4     | 6     |
| WALMER        | 18            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |
| WESTGATE      | 10            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 8     |
| WHITSTABLE    | 14            | 10    | 6     | 10            | 12    | 7     |
| WINCHELSEA    | 16            | 12    | 6     | 12            | 6     | 9     |

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on BANK HOLIDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to Aldershot, Ashford, Betchworth, Beckhill, Birchington, Box Hill, Broadstairs, Canterbury, Caterham, Chilworth, Deal, Dorking, Dover, Folkestone, Gomshall, Gravesend, Hastings, Herne Bay, Hythe, Margate, Ramsgate, Red Hill, Reigate, Sandgate, Tunbridge Wells, Whitstable, &c.; and on Sunday, July 31, Half-Day Excursion to Whitstable and Herne Bay.

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For full particulars of the above Continental and Home Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

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|---------------|------|------|-------|-------|------|------|
| Victoria      | 6 20 | 8 55 | 10 25 | 11 35 | 1 35 | 3 55 |
| London Bridge | 6 35 | ...  | 10 25 | 11 35 | 1 50 | 4 50 |

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| *Kensington                   |  | 8 11  | ...         | ...  |   |
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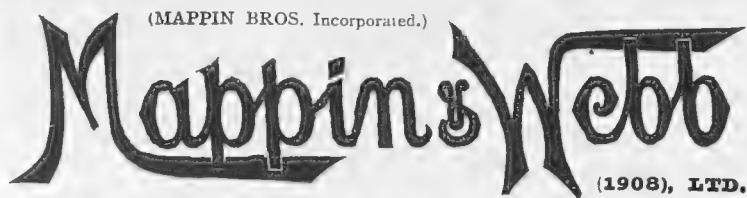
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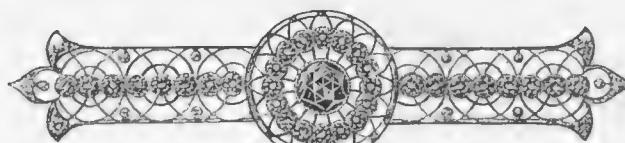
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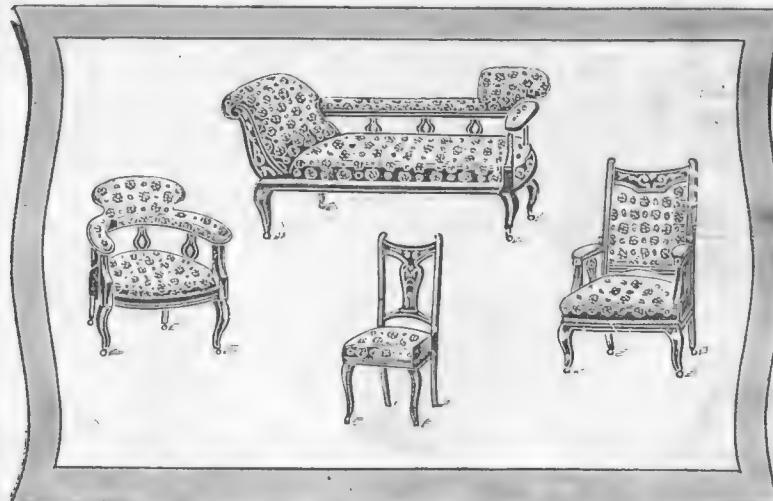
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*From a Photograph.  
Legging makers of every description.*

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

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Restores the Colour to Carpets.

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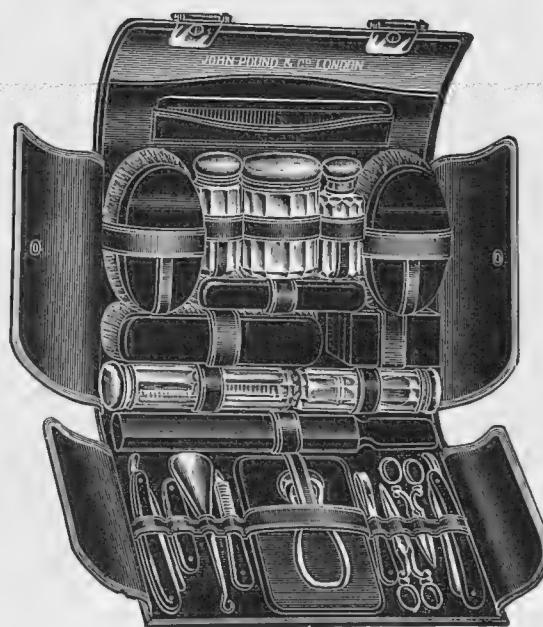
**PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.**



REAL PIGSKIN Case, containing either the "AUTO-STROP" or "GILLETTE" Safety Razor, Shaving Soap and Brush. Price, without Razor, 15/- Complete, 35/-

**JohnPound & Co.**  
Actual Makers.

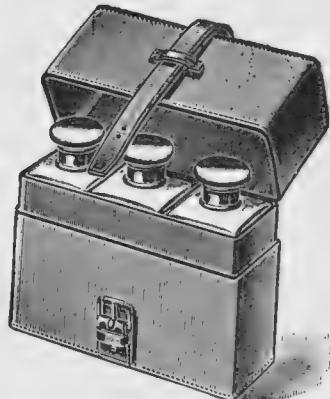
A VISIT  
to our  
NEW SHOWROOMS  
will be esteemed.  
268-270, Oxford St., W.



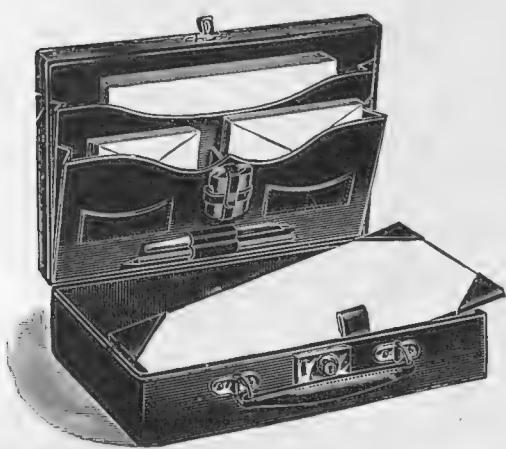
Gentleman's REAL PIGSKIN folding Dressing Case, SILVER Mounts to Bottles, EBONY Brushes, etc. VERY COMPACT.

SPECIAL £5 : 5 : 0 VALUE

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FOR  
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Travelling BOTTLE CASE, SOLID LEATHER, SILVER Mounts. Size of each bottle 3½ in. x 1½ in., 18/6 4½ in. x 1½ in., 24/6



Best ROLLED HIDE Writing Case, extra strong make.  
10 in., 27/6 12 in., 32/6 14 in., 37/6



Lady's SEAL LEATHER Shopping Bag, best finish.  
8 in. 8½ in. 9½ in. 10½ in. 11½ in. 13 in. 14 in.  
22/6 25/- 27/6 30/- 35/- 40/- 45/-

**268-270, Oxford Street, W.**  
(NEW SHOWROOMS.)

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*The 15.9 ARROL-JOHNSTON. Mr. LEVERETT AT THE WHEEL.*

**LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS**  
(1772 Miles in 77 hours 33 mins.)  
**BEATING ALL RECORDS.**

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**HARDLY SCRATCHED.**

*Copy of wire received July 7, 1910:—*

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“Land's End to John o' Groats, 31 hours 20 minutes, beating all previous records. End-to-end and back, 77 hours 33 minutes. Tyres hardly scratched, non-skids as new after 2500 miles of hard pushing and much brake-work over miles of frightful roads.

“Long Acre Autocar Co., Ltd.”

The actual Car and Tyres may be seen at

Messrs. The Long Acre  
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## TECLA'S EMERALDS.

We are showing a beautiful collection mounted with real diamonds in platinum and gold settings of rare individuality.

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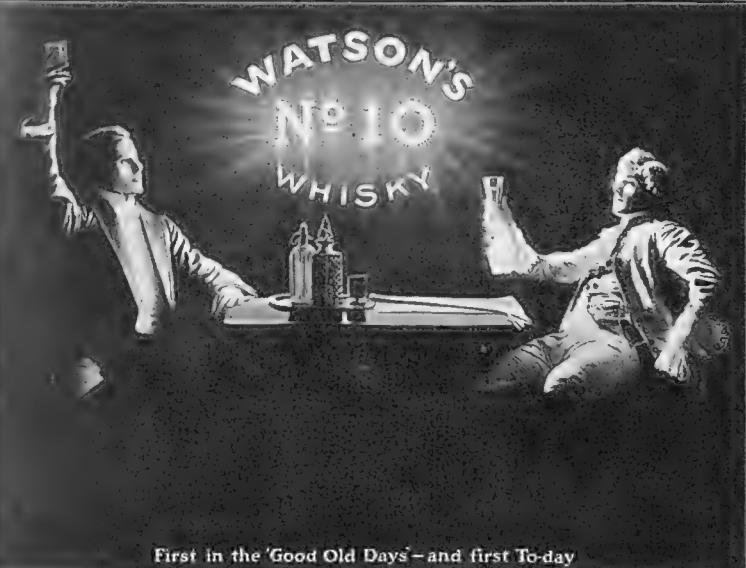
are considered Professor Tecla's greatest achievement. They are made from the same substance as natural pearls, and therefore possess the identical lustre, texture and durability of pearls from the Orient.

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No other Branches or Agents.



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13 hours from London. Bracing Climate, requiring no after-cure. Golf, Races, Games of all kinds. First-Class Casino, High-Class Theatre and Opera. Week-End Through Trips. English Physician. The Most Efficacious, Safe, and Pleasant Cure for

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Drink "GRANDE SOURCE," the delightful Table Water. Invaluable for Uric Acid Diathesis. At all leading Hotels, Chemists, and Stores. Annual Sale: 8,000,000 Bottles.

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**"Angelus"**  
PLAYER — PIANOS

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIM THE KING OF GREECE.  
AS PURCHASED BY ROYALTY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICIANS.  
AS SUPPLIED TO HIM THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

THE MELODANT  
The Wonderful New Expression Device

THE PHRASING LEVER  
Gives Freedom And Individuality To The Performer

THE MELODANT, which accentuates the melody or theme of the composition; the PHRASING LEVER, controlling every variation of tempo; the ARTISTYLE, incorporates into one line the variations of tempo, touch, and expression. The simplicity, completeness, and effectiveness of the expression-devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in producing an artistic rendering of the world's best music. The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous Brinsmead, Marshall and Rose, Winkelmann, &c.

The extraordinary success and popularity of the Angelus Player-Pianos is undoubtedly due to their artistic supremacy and moderate prices.

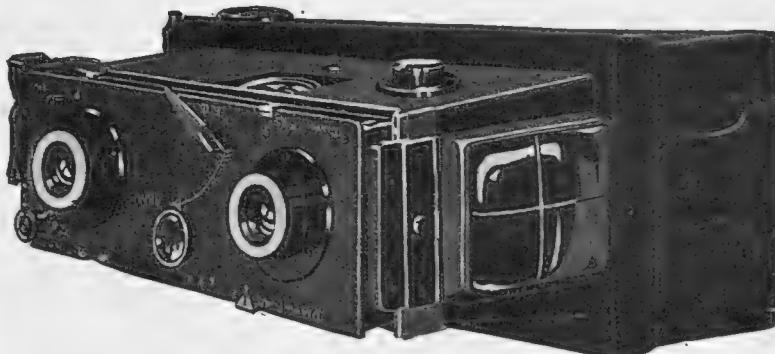
The perfection to which the Angelus has been brought has been, and still is, the despair of the many who have sought to copy its marvellous mechanism.

The exclusive patented expression-devices include the **MELODANT**, which accentuates the melody or theme of the composition; the **PHRASING LEVER**, controlling every variation of tempo; the **ARTISTYLE**, the infallible guide to musical rendition, of the expression-devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in producing an artistic rendering of the world's best music.

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THIS IS A CAMERA THAT WILL PROVIDE SPLENDID PERMANENT RECORDS OF ENJOYABLE HOLIDAYS.

The Verascope takes pictures full of life and "movement." The figures stand out from the background in relief. Even ten-twenty years afterwards events will be still reproduced, possessing the living personality of to-day. No other photography achieves such splendid and beautiful results.

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Fairy Eyeglasses are a deliberate revelation to those accustomed to old-style pince-nez. Fairy Eyeglasses correct the sight, dignify the expression, enhance the natural beauty and lustre of the eyes.

**'FAIRY' INVISIBLE EYEGLASSES**  
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The 'Fairy' method of adjustment is the only one affording absolute satisfaction. Genuine 'Fairy' Glasses have 'Fairy' stamped beneath the bridge. Refuse imitations.

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with numerous illustrations, chiefly from  
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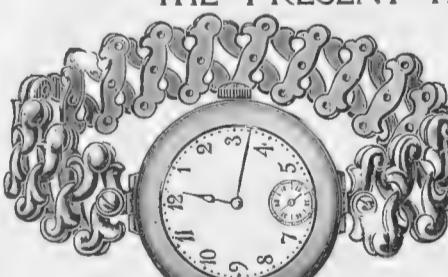
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ARE THE PERFECT SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS.

## SWEET PEA BLOSSOM & NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Absolutely identical with the delicious fragrance of the flowers.

**2/6, 3/6, 5/-, and 10/6 per bottle.**

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**ZENOBLIA SACHETS .. 6d. and 1/- each.**

**ZENOBLIA TOILET POWDERS 1/- and 2/- per box.**

A BIJOU SAMPLE BOX, containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet of either odour, sent post free for gd. stamp, mentioning "The Sketch."

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Benger's Food,  
prepared with fresh new  
milk is all food.

It is distinguished from others by the ease with which it can be digested and absorbed. It can be served prepared to suit the exact physical condition of the person for whom it is intended.

Benger's food is for infants, invalids, and all whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or advancing age.

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## With CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

These pure, sweet and gentle emollients not only preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands but tend to prevent clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness and other unsightly and annoying conditions.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Solo Prons., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston. 32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, a Guide to the Best Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

## Hunyadi János

The Best Natural Aperient Water for sluggish bowels. Brings relief in the natural easy way. Speedy, sure and gentle. Try a bottle—and drink half a glass on arising, before breakfast, for

## CONSTIPATION

## SKIN LIKE VELVET

and white as Milk.

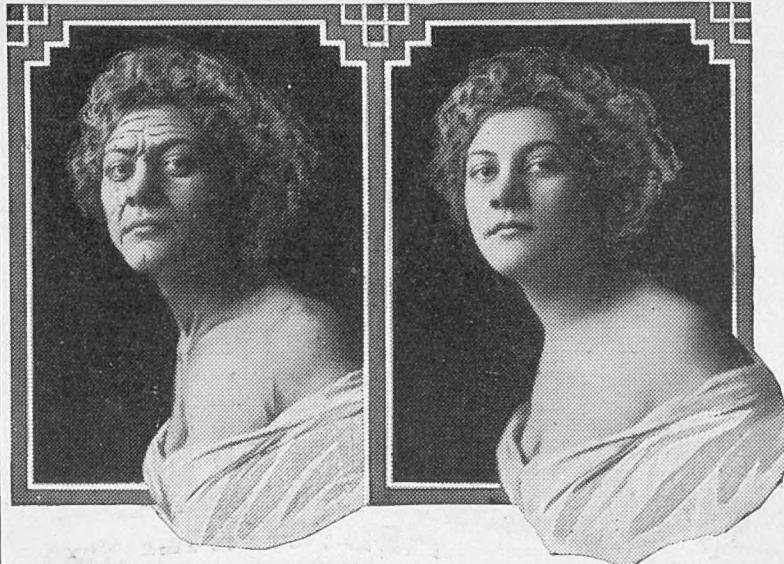
**LOTIL**—The only Toilet Soap that does not make the skin harsh and dry. The longer you lather with it, the softer, wiser and more supple does the skin become. Box three tablets 1/6 of all chemists.

**SAMPLE, THREE PENNY STAMPS.**  
**LOTIL CO., OXFORD WORKS, TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.**

## £250 REWARD If She Fails. WRINKLES.

### FREE BEAUTY COUPON.

GOOD TO-MORROW FOR THIS WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST.



BEFORE TREATMENT.

AFTER TREATMENT.

An opportunity is now offered every reader of this journal to consult the world's most famous beauty specialist, Harriet Meta, of Paris and London, absolutely free.

A little over three years ago there was nothing known which, in the opinion of scientists, would actually remove wrinkles, but at the same time Mlle. Meta made the important discovery which has since made her famous in two Continents.

She demonstrated the great power of her new process by taking her own wrinkles out with it in three nights, after face massage, masks, straps, steaming-pots, &c., had all failed, and to-day Mlle. Meta's face is still free from wrinkles, her cheeks full and plump, and her skin and complexion are a delight to behold. In fact, by many she is considered the most beautiful woman in all Paris.

Her remarkable discovery was brought before the judges of the Paris International Exposition and the Rome Exposition Internationale for their investigation, and in both instances they quickly awarded her Gold Medals thereon. The French Government also honoured her with a patent on her new process, and patents are now pending before the U.S. Government at Washington.

London journals sent their Beauty Editors to investigate her methods, and their high endorsement of her discoveries made her famous almost overnight, so that she was eagerly sought after by French Countesses and English Ladies of high title and rank. The Beauty Editor of the London "Onlooker" wrote:—"An interview with Mlle. Meta left me persuaded that here at last might be found the secret to restore youth and beauty."

Many of those who have used her process report most astonishing results. Mrs. Mary J. Davis, of East St. Louis, Ill., says:—"My wrinkles were very deep and of long standing, so you can imagine my surprise when, after only two applications, they entirely disappeared." Mrs. L. E. Hasbell, of 2,502, Clay Street, San Francisco, writes:—"I am fifty years old. Consequently my wrinkles were of long standing, and I had not thought it possible to erase them, but now when I view my changed reflection in the mirror I can scarcely realise the transformation that has been wrought." Mrs. M. A. Edwards, of Raleigh, N.C., says:—"Since using the treatment I look younger than I did twenty-five years ago." Countess Radsch, of St. James's, S.W.,

writes:—"I have used your treatment just as you directed, and the result is simply wonderful. In spite of some of the lines having been deeply marked, they have now completely vanished, leaving the skin beautifully soft and smooth. I consider your treatment truly marvellous, and am sure anyone who gives it a trial will endorse my opinion."

Since Mlle. Meta made her remarkable discovery imitators have naturally sprung up all over the country. Some of them have copied Mlle. Meta's advertisements and literature to such an extent that the public is often at a loss to distinguish the imitation from the real. She has therefore authorised the announcement of the following remarkable offer, which cannot fail to convince you as to who is who.

Mlle. Meta will forfeit £250 in gold if she fails to prove that she holds nine Gold Medals and three Grandes Prix on her discoveries from International Expositions. She will forfeit £250 in gold if anyone can prove that she did not take out her own wrinkles with it in three nights, exactly as she claims. She will forfeit £250 in gold if every testimonial and sworn statement which she publishes is not absolutely genuine. She will forfeit £250 in gold if anyone can show advertisements similar to hers published in any newspaper or magazine prior to the publication of her advertisement.

Arrangements have been made with Mlle. Meta to furnish new information in regard to her marvellous process for removing wrinkles to all "Sketch" readers. Merely cut out and send her the Coupon below and you will receive free particulars by return of post in a plain sealed envelope. You can use this remarkable process in the privacy of your own home without the knowledge of even your most intimate friends. It often works astonishing wonders in a single treatment overnight.

### WRINKLES.

Cut out this Coupon to-day, or refer to Coupon No. 177, B., and post it to the World-Famous Beauty Specialist, Harriet Meta (Dept. 177, B.), 142, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. For FREE INFORMATION in regard to her marvellous discovery for removing wrinkles. Good to all "Sketch" readers.

"SKETCH" FREE COUPON No. 177, B.

For GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, etc. Drink

## VICHY-CELESTINS (State Springs)

Can be used with light WINES, SPIRITS, or MILK.

Sole Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD., LONDON; and of all Chemists, Grocers, etc.

The Illustrated London News  
FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

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# IDRIS GINGER ALE

A DELIGHTFUL TABLE BEVERAGE

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

Preserves, Beautifies, Restores it. Closely resembles the natural oil in the hair, which nature provides for its preservation. No other article possesses this property. Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. Poor hair mars the effect of a beautiful face. Good hair adds charm and interest to a plain one; every Toilet Table should possess this oil.

**LADIES** should always use it for their own Hair and for their Children's Hair as it lays the foundation of a luxuriant growth. Golden Colour for fair hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Of Stores, Chemists, and **ROWLAND'S**, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

## HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR,  
ARE EFFECTIVE,  
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL  
TO USE.



For Very Bold Curls



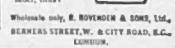
"IMPERIAL"  
CURLERS.



12 CURLERS IN BOX.  
Post Free for 8 Stamps.  
OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.



BEWARE OF  
SPURIOUS  
IMITATIONS.  
The CIRCLE  
Trade mark  
on right hand  
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label, thus:



# Old Calabar

HOUND MEAL  
AND  
RABALAC

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

PREVENTS the Hair from falling off.  
RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its  
ORIGINAL COLOUR.

IS NOT A DYE.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers,  
Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.

Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., LTD.

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There is a distinctive charm about the flavour; a delicacy, a richness, in-describable perhaps, but appreciated to the full by smokers of



## Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco KING'S HEAD

*is similar but stronger*

Both mixtures are sold at

PER **6½d.** oz.

### Three Nuns CIGARETTES

**4½d.** FOR 10

OBtainable everywhere

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Booklet of Particulars and Testimonials from  
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SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,  
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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

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July 20, 1910.

FREE SAMPLE  
ON  
APPLICATION.



It lies in a nutshell, the high art of dining  
Its joys and its secrets are well worth divining  
And here is the nut that will stop all repining  
"Sauce on the table  
With BRAND'S on the label."

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A FREE SAMPLE SENT  
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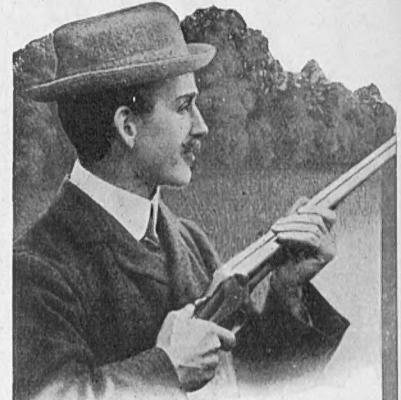
T.H.H.



ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL SOAP

ZAM-BUK Medicinal Soap combines the qualities of a pure toilet soap with a silent yet powerful agency for ensuring the clearness, flexibility, and general health of the skin; it prevents skin-disease, and heals while you wash. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap is invaluable in checking the discomforts of sunburn, heat rash, roughness, chafing, and other summer skin troubles.

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"Reliability" has won for Eley Cartridges a popularity unique in the shooting world—"Reliability," in a word, provides the reason for more and more sportsmen marking preference for them every day.

### TWO ELEY SPECIALS

Eley "ELOID."—Gastight and waterproof Special 37 gr. Smokeless Powder. Thoroughly dependable, yet moderate in price.

Eley "ACHILLES."—Deep-shell, Gastight, Eley Smokeless Powder.



Eley "ELOID."  
Obtainable through your Gunmaker or Dealer.

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## MARICH CIGARETTES

The Standard of Luxury in Smoking: made from the purest Turkish Tobacco. Their exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

A soap leather cigarette case containing a sample of these famous Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a Postage Paid stamp for 10/- and mentioning this paper.

Smoked by Royalty.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval & Military Messes and Clubs.

100 sent post free for 7/-



V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA)  
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## Lincoln Bennett & Co.

By Special



Appointment

THE LEADING HATTERS FOR  
MORE THAN A CENTURY

HATS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR

## THE HOLIDAYS

## BEST ENGLISH Straw BOATERS

Price 9/6

Finest Quality Real Native

## PANAMAS

Imported Direct

Prices from

**£2 to £25**

THE COOLEST & MOST  
LUXURIOUS HATS FOR

RIVER  
COUNTRY  
SEASIDE

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE No. 4.



40, PICCADILLY, W.

Signature.....

By Appointment to H.M. The King



to H.M. The King

# Jeyes' Fluid

is the ideal disinfectant. It is recommended before all others for household, stable, and general disinfection. A perfect germicide and insecticide, as well as an absolute deodorant, it forms a permanent emulsion, mixing with ordinary water in any proportion

## Jeyes' Special Fluid (Cyllin)

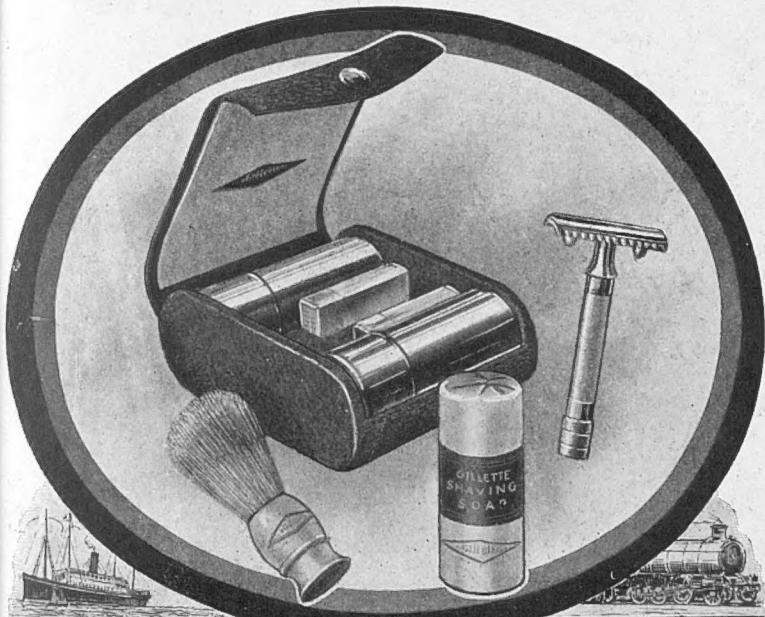
Owing to its high Rideal-Walker coefficient, Cyllin is cheap in use and eminently suitable for large consumers when economy combined with a high degree of concentration are the leading factors; it mixes perfectly with ordinary water.

**1/- Bottle makes 30 gallons.**

For exceptional conditions involving the use of such diluents as sea-water, urine, etc., a crude form of Cyllin is specially supplied.

*Beware of all sweet-smelling 'disinfectants' which do not disinfect.*

**Jeyes' are the only disinfectants supplied  
by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King**



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Do not leave for your holidays without a Gillette Combination Set, which includes velvet-lined seal Morocco case, Gillette Safety Razor with 12 double-edge blades, Gillette Shaving Soap and Gillette Brush in silver-plated tubes, price 27/-.

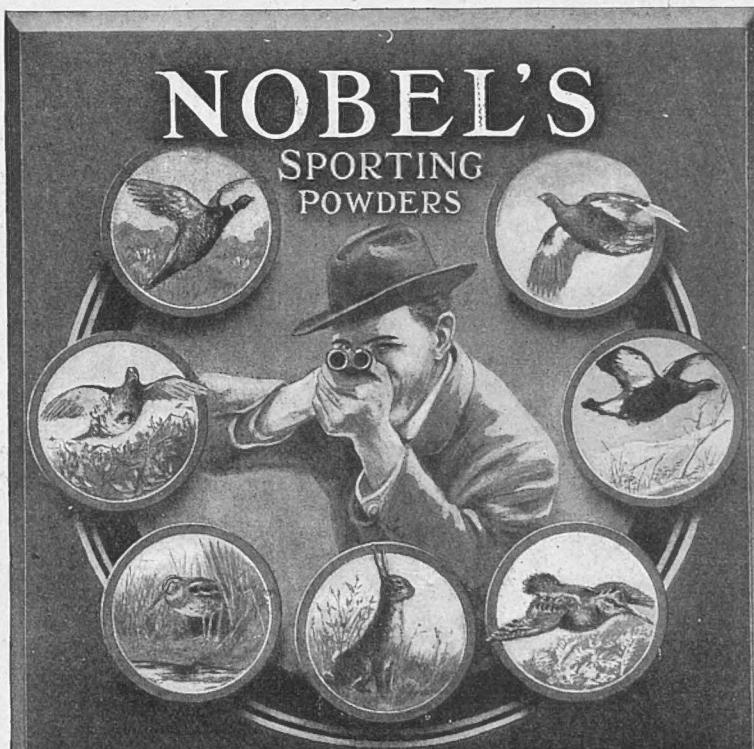
#### THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

- shaves perfectly.
- is easiest to use, owing to its curving blade.
- cannot get out of order or cut you while shaving.
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Buy a Gillette and shave yourself.  
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**Gillette** Safety Razor  
NO STROPPING NO HONING



When ordering your Cartridges for the coming season, ask your gunmaker to load with

### "IMPROVED EMPIRE"

the latest product of the Nobel factory. Absolutely reliable—gives perfect pattern—and is deadly accurate.

Manufactured by

NOBEL'S EXPLOSIVES COMPANY, Ltd.,  
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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

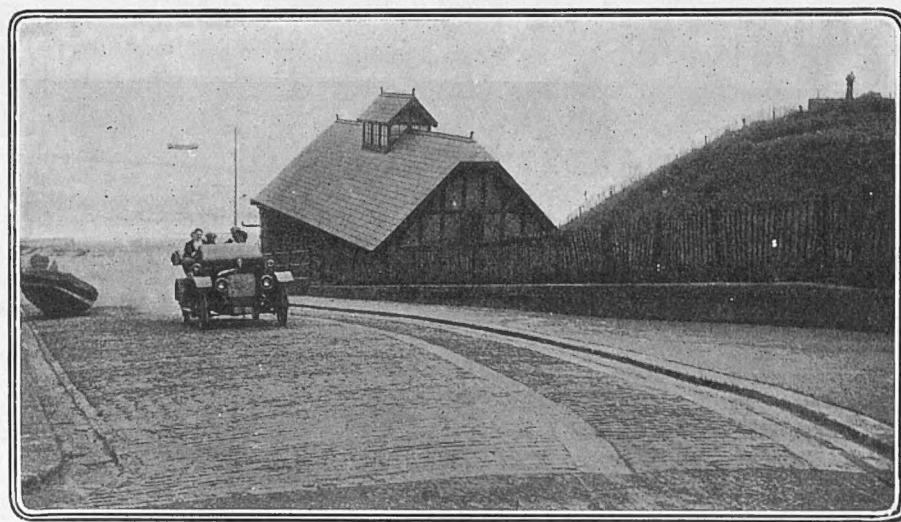
**Edinburgh and Back on Top.** Speed up hill and no gear-changing are the charms of big horse-powers, and to enjoy these those whose purse is that of Fortunatus may indulge in four-cycle potentialities above the forties without reflection. As evidence of the ease with which a high-powered Napier can be driven from London to Edinburgh and back nowadays, a 65-h.p. six-cylinder of that ilk was but lately despatched on this double journey under Royal Automobile Club supervision, and performed the feat with consummate ease, and, strange to state, on a very small allowance of petrol. Such hills as occur upon the route offered no sort of difficulty to the big engine, though the engine ratio on top speed was 2·7 to 1, with 895 mm. wheels, and a full load of four passengers, baggage, and spares was carried. Upon returning to London, the car was driven to Brooklands for a speed test, and there travelled over a measured half-mile at seventy-seven miles per hour, with the same load and ratio of top speed.

**Brooklands and Bank Holiday.** The Brooklands management are wise in dropping the Saturday meeting before the Bank Holiday this year. They will confine their events to Monday, Aug. 1, when they put what should certainly prove an interesting and attractive programme before their public. There are to be seven

motor-car and two motor-cycle events, the pick of the basket being the third race for the O'Gorman Trophy, a challenge-trophy presented by Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, for self-propelled vehicles of any make provided with internal-combustion engines only (steam barred again) of R.A.C. rating of not more than 21-h.p., and of a stroke not exceeding 121 mm. = 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. Any fuel may be used, with, if desired, the aid (if it be an aid) of oxygen, acetylene, picric acid, or any other agent imagined to give a "boost" to the usual petrol mixture. This race has always been decided at Brooklands, and formed a part of the August Bank Holiday programme in each year. There is nothing on record to show that any of the chemical aids above mentioned were ever used; so if the object of the event was to popularise such agents, that object has not been fulfilled.

**Concerning a Prince** Time ago, I and Coventry. recall an interesting book entitled "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." Now there comes a beautiful album-cum-pamphlet production from the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry, styled "Concerning the

Recent Visit of H.I.H. Prince Henry Prince Francis of Teck to the Daimler Works," which will, I am sure, prove almost, if not quite, as interesting to the motorist as did the above-named romance to the eager novel-reader. There is not a dull paragraph from cover to cover, and after perusal the reader feels that he has absorbed in great measure the underlying reasons for Daimler quietude, sweetness, and efficiency.



A GOOD TEST OF A CAR'S CAPACITY: A "SUNBEAM" CLIMBING THE GANGWAY FROM THE LIFEBOAT HOUSE AT CROMER.

The pull up the gangway leading from the Lifeboat House at Cromer is a good test of a car's capabilities, for the start has to be made in loose sand, and the gradient is one in five. The car seen in the photograph is a 16-20 h.p. Sunbeam, with Mr. Genna at the wheel. It is making the climb on second speed. The Sunbeam cars, it may be added, have done well in competitions this season.

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